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MEMOIR

OF

HANNAH MORE;

WITH BRIEF NOTICES OF HER WORKS, CONTEMPORARIES, ETC.

BY S. G. ARNOLD.

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bore to heaven.

YOUNG.

New York:
PUBLISHED BY CARLTON & PORTER,
SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION, 200 MULBERRY-STREET.

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Sept. 20 1932

TO MRS. CATHARINE GARRETTSON,

OF RHINEBECK, N. Y.

RESPECTED MADAM :—The wisest of men has enjoined it upon us to remember the obligations of friendship. "Thine own friend," says Solomon, "and thy father's friend forsake not." It would be well for the author of this small volume if his duty and his inclination were always as ready to coalesce, as in this instance. When he recollects the kindness which it was your pleasure, and that of your excellent husband, to extend to his aged parents —when he calls to mind the sweet hours which they were wont to spend with you in holy contemplation of that world upon whose glories they have at length entered—he would not suppress the emotions of gratitude which swell his heart, and cannot but seize this opportunity to make them known. There are, however, other reasons why this little book should be inscribed to you. Your long life has been devoted to the same benevolent objects that occupied the chief attention of Miss More : like

her, you have survived nearly all the companions of your early years; and, I may add, are waiting, with humble reliance on the Saviour of mankind, *that rest which remains* ONLY *for the people of God.* I therefore take the liberty to dedicate to you this brief memoir, knowing well that it will not be the less acceptable to the young, for whose benefit it has been chiefly designed, for having the sanction of your name.

I am, with great respect,

Your faithful and obedient servant,

SAMUEL G. ARNOLD

Brooklyn, May, 1839.

PREFACE

TO

MEMOIR OF HANNAH MORE

The author, in giving this little work to the public, has only to say that it is designed chiefly for the young, and has been written with an especial reference to the readers of Sabbath school libraries. In presenting it to the public, therefore, he hardly aspires to the dignity of authorship. His object has been merely to imbody, in a concise form, such a sketch of Miss More's life as might be safely put into the hands of the young reader, without any regard to particular tenets of religion. If he has succeeded in doing this, he has accomplished all that was intended.

MEMOIR

OF

HANNAH MORE.

CHAPTER I.

Opening remarks—Birth—Parentage—Education—Removal to Bristol—Early literary taste—Matrimonial engagement with Mr. Turner.

Among barbarous nations, where courage and strength are considered as the most prominent virtues, the condition of woman is always degraded: but in proportion as light and knowledge extend—as civilization and Christianity advance—as the empire of mind rises above mere physical excellence; in the same proportion does she emerge from obscurity and degradation, and take her place in that society which it is so eminently her province to polish, improve, and beautify.

It becomes us, then, as members of civil society, to cherish those illustrious examples of female excellence and high intellectual endowments which have so much contributed to ennoble the female character, while, at the same time, they have left their impress on the age. Among these none are more deserving of our attention than that gifted child of genius

and of song, the celebrated Hannah More, who, though comparatively obscure in her origin, has left behind her a name which may justly be quoted as an ornament to her sex, to the church, and to the world.

Hannah More was born at Stapleton, in the county of Gloucester, England, in 1745, and was one of five daughters, being the fourth in the order of time. Her father, Mr. Jacob More, was respectably descended, and received a liberal education with the view of fitting him for a minister in the Church of England: but by the unfortunate termination of a lawsuit in which he was engaged, he was so much reduced in his circumstances, that he abandoned his first intention, and, determining to devote himself to the business of teaching, became the master of a foundation-school near Stapleton. He married the daughter of a respectable farmer in the neighbourhood, who to a sound and vigorous mind united the advantages of a good education, and under whose forming hand her daughters imbibed those principles which afterward rendered them so conspicuous for their usefulness and virtue. Such being the circumstances of Mr. More, it was his design to educate his daughters accordingly, and knowing that they could comfortably provide for themselves by conducting a respectable boarding-school, the course of their studies was directed only to this end. Such, however, were his views of the required qualifications, that a knowledge of the mathematics, or the Greek and

Roman classics, did not enter into the course which he adopted, notwithstanding his own intimate acquaintance with these branches.

It was for this reason that Hannah, who had from her infancy manifested a wonderful facility in the acquirement of all kinds of learning, and whose memory was so very retentive that she had obtained a considerable knowledge of the French merely by hearing her sisters recite their lessons, found much difficulty in persuading her father to become her tutor in the study of the Latin. She, however, finally succeeded, and afterward took great delight in cultivating an acquaintance with the Latin classics.

But the education of Mr. More's family was not merely literary. It had been the earnest desire of both parents to inculcate on the minds of their daughters such a reverence for religion, and such a deep and abiding love of virtue, as would secure to them both the favour of God and the respect of mankind. These endeavours were not in vain, and their good effects were abundantly evident in the subsequent lives of these amiable sisters. When the eldest sister was twenty years of age, a boarding-school was opened at Bristol under her immediate superintendence, which was conducted with that propriety and discretion which secured to it a measure of success beyond the brightest anticipations.

This was in 1757. Hannah was then in her twelfth year, and removed to Bristol with her sister, and under her care enjoyed much greater facilities for acquiring information, which she

seized and improved with avidity. Two years after, the elder Mr. Sheridan delivered an able and interesting course of lectures, at Bristol, on eloquence, which was attended by the establishment of Miss More, and with which Hannah was so delighted that she made it the subject of some poetic lines which found their way to the lecturer, and induced him to seek her acquaintance.

It may be proper in this place to observe that Hannah had early manifested a taste for poetry, which she seems to have cultivated almost from her cradle. Every scrap of paper which she could lay hands on was put under contribution for recording her poetic effusions, and a great portion of her leisure time, even from her childhood, was occupied in writing sonnets, and prose essays, which are represented as having possessed much merit.

Such a mind could not long remain unnoticed or unappreciated. Accordingly we find her, while yet a mere girl, attracting the attention of the learned and the great. A physician of eminence, who attended her through one of her alarming attacks of illness, to which she was occasionally subject during her whole life, in one of his calls during her convalescence, was so captivated with her conversation that he entirely forgot the object of his visit. A Mr. Peach, who had been a particular friend of Hume, the celebrated historian, and who possessed a highly cultivated mind, was among her most intimate acquaintance. In 1760, when she was fifteen years of

age, she was first introduced to Ferguson, the astronomer, and a friendship was formed which lasted through life. Soon after this she became acquainted with the accomplished Dr. Langhorne,* and for many years maintained with him an interesting correspondence. She was also about this time on terms of intimacy with Dean Tucker and Dr. Ford, besides many other individuals of eminence.

In 1762, when she was in her seventeenth year, she first appeared as an author. Observing that a custom was prevailing among her juvenile acquaintance, of committing to memory parts of plays not always sound in principle or pure in morals, she wrote her "Search after Happiness," a pastoral drama, with the hope of giving to this custom a safer direction. The attempt succeeded remarkably, and in a few months the work passed through three editions.

* Langhorne was an accomplished scholar and gentleman, and the correspondence between him and Miss More is marked by great sprightliness and wit.

In one of the summer vacations, Miss More was walking with him on the sea-shore at Uphill, some miles from Bristol, when he wrote with his cane in the sand as follows :—

"Along the shore
Walk'd Hannah More :
Waves, let the record last.
Sooner shall ye,
Proud earth and sea,
Than what she writes, be pass'd.

Miss More smiled at the compliment, and with her usual readiness wrote underneath with her riding-whip :—

"Some firmer basis, polished Langhorne, choose,
To write the dictates of thy charming muse ;
Her strains in *solid* characters rehearse,
And be thy *tablet* lasting as thy *verse*.

In her twentieth year she formed an intimacy with the excellent Dr. Stonehouse (afterward Sir James Stonehouse) who was the founder of the Northampton Infirmary, and had been for twenty years its physician. He had now, however, relinquished his profession, and taken orders in the Church of England. Miss More entertained for him the highest regard, and during his life seems to have trusted herself much to his judgment and counsel. No friend could have been better chosen. Besides his high reputation as a scholar, Dr. Stonehouse was a man of deep piety, cool discretion, an even and sober temper, and a heart so tender as to make his friendship almost paternal. Miss More was particularly fortunate in her friends, but in none more than in Dr. Stonehouse. She lived to write both his own epitaph and that of his lady.

Although we know little of Miss More's acquaintance with the other sex, yet it would be too much to suppose that a young female of her accomplishments, both of mind and person, should not have been the theme of admiration, and the subject of attention. When she was in her twenty-first year she had an offer of marriage, which, though apparently not very well suited to her taste and pursuits, she thought proper to accept, though the marriage was never consummated. The circumstances of this connection are as follows:—

A gentleman of fortune residing on an estate near Bristol, by the name of Turner, had two

nieces at the establishment of the Misses More, who frequently spent their holydays at Belmont House with their uncle, who had given them permission to invite any young ladies they might wish as companions.

Availing themselves of this permission, they invited the two younger sisters of the Misses More, Hannah and Patty, to accompany them on a visit to Belmont House, and Mr. Turner was so much pleased with the appearance of Hannah, and so much delighted with her conversation, that he soon after offered her his hand, which, on the part of Miss More, was accepted.

The wedding-day was fixed, but when the time approached, Mr. Turner deferred it. Another day was appointed, but on the eve of its arrival Mr. Turner again put it off. The elder sisters now interfered, regarding his conduct as dishonourable. Mr. Turner, however, declared that his attachment was unchanged, and desired to fix another day. Hannah requested time to consider the matter, and, having consulted her friend Dr. Stonehouse, at his advice she calmly, but firmly, refused the alliance.

The parties separated in friendship, and Mr. Turner offered to settle an annuity on Miss More for life, which, however, she declined to accept. Subsequently the annuity was settled through her friend, Dr. Stonehouse, without her knowledge, and at his death Mr. Turner left her by will one thousand pounds, about four thousand five hundred dollars.

There can be little doubt that Miss More took the wisest course in the settlement of this affair. Mr. Turner was more than twenty years her senior, and besides fickleness and irresolution, which he manifested in postponing from time to time the celebration of the nuptials, he is represented as having a temper little suited to the promotion of domestic happiness. That his intentions were entirely honourable there can be no doubt; but there is still little excuse for the manner in which he trifled with the delicate feelings of an amiable friend.

For a lady in the situation of Miss More the match was eligible, and had she possessed another cast of mind, might have presented powerful attractions. Mr. Turner was a gentleman of great wealth and respectable literary attainments: his estate was tastefully laid out and delightfully situated: his house elegantly furnished and surrounded with all the attractions which money could procure.

How far such considerations as these may have influenced the decision of Miss More in accepting Mr. Turner's offer, we have no other means of knowing than what we glean from the general character of her mind: but that it required a struggle to yield up all these pleasurable anticipations in connection with him who had won her esteem, there can be no doubt. The surrender was, however, made with the same firmness which marked the acts of her whole life, and was coupled with a resolution never more to form a similar engagement, a resolution to

which she most faithfully adhered. Her hand was subsequently solicited by another person worthy of her regard; but in conformity with her resolve, she at once refused. The refusal, however, resulted in no breach between the parties, but ended in a respectful friendship, which continued through life.

CHAPTER II.

Remarks—Studies—Love of the drama—Visit to London—Introduction to Garrick and Johnson—Fashionable society—Publication of "Sir Eldred of the Bower"—Attentions of the great.

HAVING attended Miss More to the threshold of that society which she was so admirably fitted to adorn and beautify, we are now to introduce her to the young reader from the midst of those gay scenes of wit and fashion which have so often proved the grave of virtue, and which were to try the strength of her character, and put her principles to the severest test of experience.

There is a charm in the allurements of fashion against which the uninitiated are seldom proof. In these circumstances, next to the direct influences of religion, a moral and religious education is the surest safeguard; and this, fortunately for her and for the world, Miss More possessed. One of our poets has well observed,

> "Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
> That to be hated needs but to be seen,"

but in the alluring circles of fashion, vice is so disguised by the flowers and gems which genius and wit have showered around it, that we require a vision enlightened by the word of God to divest it of its guilty trappings and lay it open to the view in all its naked deformities. Miss More, though at this time not under the direct influences of religion, seems to have been so guided by the principles which she had imbibed under the instructions of her pious parents, as to see some of the false covering in which the vices of fashionable life were enshrouded, and thereby to pass through the ordeal with less injury than has generally attended similar trials.

The affair with Mr. Turner being finally terminated, Miss More resumed her literary labours with new zeal. She cultivated with great assiduity a knowledge of the Italian, Spanish, and Latin languages, exercising her genius and polishing her style in making translations, which she executed with great facility and with an ease and spirit which were often the subject of just commendation.

She seems to have early imbibed a love for the drama, and the transcendant genius of Shakspeare always excited her warmest admiration: as she became conversant with fashionable life, her curiosity was excited, by the fame of Garrick, to attend the theatre* and witness his extraordinary powers, as an actor, in repre-

* The theatre at this time, under the management of Mr. Garrick, was a very different affair to what it soon became after his death and continues to be, which perhaps may form

senting the prominent characters of this great poet. Accordingly, in 1773 she visited London, where she was introduced to many persons of distinction, and where she appears to have spent some time, mingling with the circles of fashion and gayety.

She returned to Bristol to assist in the management of her sisters' flourishing school, in which she now took an active part, and to continue her literary labours: but she soon made another visit to London, accompanied by two of her sisters. At this second visit she had the gratification of being introduced to Garrick and Johnson, two persons whom she regarded almost with veneration.

Garrick and Johnson were intimate friends, and so pleased was the former with the wit and sprightliness of his new acquaintance, that he soon brought about a meeting between her and the doctor, which was mutually pleasing. Dr. Johnson was doubtless the greatest literary man of the age in which he lived, and in the circles which he frequented in London, was sometimes as brilliant as the meteor which for a moment excites our wonder, and then passes away: while at other times he was moody, silent, and abstracted.

The interview took place at the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds, with whose family Miss More had become quite intimate, and Sir Joshua had

some faint excuse for her attendance; but whatever it has been, or might be, it is now most unquestionably "the vestibule of hell," and the direct road to everlasting ruin.—Ed.

prepared her for the possibility of his being in one of his moods of sadness and silence. It, however, proved otherwise. The doctor met her with the greatest warmth, accosting her with a verse from a morning hymn which she had written at the request of Sir James Stonehouse. In the same pleasant humour he continued during the whole evening, and they parted mutually gratified and mutually edified.

During this visit she was also introduced to Barrett and Burke, and several other characters of distinguished eminence. She was thus brought into constant intercourse with persons of the highest order of intellect, by which her thirst after knowledge was increased, and her taste and capabilities improved. No society could have been more congenial to her feelings, or better calculated to enlarge and strengthen her mind.

After remaining about six weeks in town, she returned to Bristol to pursue her unambitious career in her sisters' school, and does not appear to have visited London again until 1775. At this visit she spent most of her time at Hampton, and at the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds, where she frequently enjoyed the company of Garrick, Johnson, and many other literary characters, among whom were the celebrated Mrs. Montague, Mrs. Carter, and Mrs. Boscawen.

She was now fairly introduced to the first literary circles in the metropolis, and was everywhere received with cordiality and esteem.

Though not decidedly pious, yet the habits of virtue in which she had been trained, the importance which she attached to external religious worship, the regard which she had for the word of God, and the correct principles which she had early imbibed from her pious parents, saved her, through the divine blessing, from being dazzled and ensnared by the fascinating scenes in which she mingled. Her conscience seems still to have proved a faithful monitor, and prevented her from indulging in many of the excesses of fashionable life. On one occasion having been induced to attend the opera, a theatrical representation in which the different parts are rehearsed in music, she was thoroughly disgusted, and on coming out exclaimed,

> "Bear me, O God, O quickly bear me hence,
> To wholesome solitude, the muse of sense,"

and in a letter to a friend she declared it to be the last opera which she should ever attend; a promise which she faithfully kept.

In this time of need her ever watchful friend Sir James Stonehouse took every occasion to guard her against imbibing the spirit and vices of the fashionable society in which she was mingling. Learning that she had attended some Sunday parties, he wrote to her an affectionate letter, in which he pointed out in kind terms the error which she had committed, and also dropped her a seasonable word of advice, which seems to have produced its desired effect. Writing to one of her sisters soon after, she

says:—"Thank my dear Dr. S—— for his kind, seasonable admonitions on my last Sunday's engagement. Conscience had done its office before; nay, was busy at the time; and if it did not dash the cup of pleasure to the ground, infused at least a tincture of wormwood into it. I did think of the alarming call, 'What dost thou here?'"

In June, 1775, she composed and published a legendary tale, "Sir Eldred of the Bower," together with a small poem, written before, entitled the "Bleeding Rock." She was about two weeks in composing "Sir Eldred," and having completed it sent it to Cadell, a London publisher, asking him to give her what it was worth. The sum which he offered far exceeded her expectations; but, in addition to this, he assured her that if she would ascertain how much Goldsmith had received for his "Deserted Village," he would allow her the same. Miss More at this time had no personal acquaintance with Cadell, but the kindness which she received at his hands was the beginning of a friendly connection which continued until his death.

This publication found a ready sale, and fully sustained the author's reputation. It was for some time the subject of conversation among the literary circles of London, and was much praised by Garrick, Johnson, Burke, and other of her friends. It seemed to be the general opinion that it was only the first fruits of an abundant harvest, which happily proved to be the case.

Early in 1776 Miss More again visited London, and continued there until late in June. The publication of her poem had spread her reputation over the kingdom, and she found new admirers wherever she went. One of her sisters, writing from London, says :—"If Hannah's head stands proof against all the adulation and kindness of the great folks here, why then I will venture to say that nothing of this kind will hurt her hereafter." But "Hannah's head" was not made of materials to be turned by adulation. She seems to have always had but a poor opinion of her own abilities, and the flatteries of her friends, however gratifying they might have been for a time, made no impression upon the solid bulwark of her well-balanced mind.

In a letter in which she describes a dinner which she attended, and at which both Johnson and Garrick were present, she narrates a little anecdote respecting the reading of "Sir Eldred," by Garrick, which is not only amusing, but which shows alike the excellence of the poem and the powers of Garrick. "I think," she says, "I never was so ashamed in my life; but he read it so superlatively that I cried like a child. Only think what a scandalous thing to cry at the reading of one's own poetry? I could have beaten myself; for it looked as if I thought it very moving, which I can truly say is far from being the case. But the beauty of the thing lies in this, Mrs. Garrick twinkled as well as I, and made as many apologies for crying at her husband's reading, as I did for crying at my own

verses. She got out of the scrape by pretending that she was touched at the story, and I by saying the same thing of the reading."

CHAPTER III.

Remarks—Visits Suffolk, Norfolk, London, Hampshire, and Bristol—Visits London again—Illness and its effects—Death of Garrick—Effect on the mind of Miss More—Increased seriousness.

Miss More's protracted stay in London, amidst the flatteries and attentions of the wise and great, neither inflated her pride nor excited her vanity, and she returned to Bristol in June, 1776, after an absence of six months, quite unchanged, and with all her original simplicity, to renew her labours in the establishment of her sister, where she continued during the remainder of the year; when she took a tour through the counties of Suffolk and Norfolk to visit some relatives. During her absence she spent several days at the residence of the talented Mrs. Barbauld.

From Norfolk she proceeded to London sometime in July, where she spent several weeks with Garrick, whom she accompanied in his visits among the nobility and gentry about town. She also made an excursion with him into Hampshire, to the seat of Mr. Wilmot, with whose family she was from that time intimate Toward the end of August, after an absence of

about five months, she returned to Bristol, and in November again visited London.

Shortly after making these excursions she was attacked with a severe turn of illness, and as soon as she was able to be removed, accepted an invitation from the Garricks to pay them a visit at Hampton Court, where she remained until 1778, employing herself as her health would permit in literary pursuits. Here she seems to have devoted more of her time to serious studies than she had formerly done, and the Bible especially was her frequent companion. The death of several friends about this time also made a deep impression upon her mind. One of these was the wife of her excellent friend Dr. Stonehouse, which called forth from her pen some beautiful lines, ending thus:—

"O! if thy living excellence could teach,
Death has a loftier emphasis of speech;
Let death thy strongest lesson then impart,
And write PREPARE TO DIE on every heart."

In the following winter she had another attack of illness, and was scarcely recovered when she was summoned to London by Mrs. Garrick, to mourn with her the loss of her gifted husband.

Poor Garrick had been suddenly called to his account. He was only a little complaining for some days previous to his death, and on Sunday was in good spirits and free from pain. On Monday his physician became alarmed, and called in aid. On Tuesday he was worse.

Mrs. Garrick attended him through a part of the night, and every time she administered his medicine, he spoke to her with peculiar tenderness and affection. Toward morning, immediately after taking his medicine, he softly said, "Oh! dear," and yielded up his spirit without a groan on the 20th of January, 1779.

The death of Mr. Garrick made a deep impression on the mind of Miss More, and may be said to have constituted a new era in her life. Her admiration of him was very great. He was her warm and faithful friend, and had probably done more to bring her into notice than any other person. She had witnessed his amiable deportment in his family, his strict morality, his wonderful graces of person and manner, and above all, had deeply participated in his literary tastes, studies, and friendships. He formed the link which connected her with fashionable life. This link was now severed, and the genius and talents of this gifted lady were henceforth to flow only in a channel for the benefit of mankind.

It is quite probable that the reflections of Miss More on this solemn occasion led her to inquire into the probable condition of her friend in

> "That undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
> No traveller returns."

And if so, she must have felt that there was little evidence of his preparation for that great change which must sooner or later come upon

all men; that the life of gayety and fashion which he led, and the round of pleasures in which he was engaged from day to day, were but a poor preparation for that place into which nothing unholy can possibly enter. She must have felt that his talents had been misemployed, that his great powers had but little conduced to the good of mankind, that the moral influence of his life, even allowing him to have been strictly upright in his conduct, was opposed to virtue and religion. In the light of the gospel he is an unprofitable servant, be his moral conduct ever so consistent, who employs his time and talents to no useful purpose.

The remains of this gifted child of genius were deposited in Westminster Abbey, among the ashes of the great, with much pomp and solemnity. Miss More attended. Sheridan was chief mourner, and ten noblemen were pall bearers. "The choir sung," as she says in one of her letters, "in strains only less sublime than will be the archangel's trump,"—every eye was suffused with tears.

Her time was now divided between her friend Mrs. Garrick, at Hampton, and her sisters, at Bristol; her winters being spent with the former, and her summers with the latter. From the time of Garrick's death she manifested an increasing dislike for the pleasures of fashionable society, among which she had so freely mingled, and devoted herself more to serious studies. She was impressed with a deep sense of the value of time, and composed the follow

ing lines on this subject, breathing the devout wishes of a pious heart:—

"Soft slumbers now mine eyes forsake,
My powers are all renew'd;
May my freed spirit, too, awake,
With heavenly strength endued!

Thou silent murderer, SLOTH, no more
My mind imprison'd keep;
Nor let me waste another hour
With thee, thou felon, SLEEP.

Hark, O my soul, could dying men
One lavished hour retrieve,
Though spent in tears, and pass'd in pain,
What treasures would they give!

But seas of pearl, and mines of gold,
Were offer'd them in vain,
Their pearl of countless price is lost,
And where 's their promised gain?

Lord, when thy day of dread account
For squander'd hours shall come,
O, let them not increase th' amount,
And swell the former sum!

Teach me in health each good to prize,
I, dying, shall esteem;
And every pleasure to despise,
I then shall worthless deem.

For all thy wond'rous mercies past,
My grateful voice I raise,
While thus I quit the bed of rest,
Creation's Lord to praise."

It was becoming evident to all her friends that Miss More was desirous to withdraw herself from society merely worldly, and to devote her talents to some useful purpose. In her studies she preferred the Bible to all other books: it was her daily companion, and the

more she studied it the more it became endeared to her. She now commenced her "Sacred Dramas," the composition of which afforded her much pleasure. In the winter of 1780, while she was at Mrs. Garrick's, she assisted in arranging and filing Garrick's letters; and the employment brought up the most serious reflections. "Where now," she says, "are almost all the great men who wrote these letters? Little did they think when they penned these bright epistles that their heads were so soon to be laid low."

Her friend Mrs. Boscawen sent her an excellent work which had then just made its appearance, entitled "Cardiphonia," which she read with avidity. "I like it," she says, "prodigiously: it is full of vital, experimental religion." Her father, who was now in his 81st year, was highly gratified to learn this change in the pursuits and disposition of his amiable daughter, and wrote her a poetic epistle expressive of the deep concern he had felt for her welfare, and the pleasure he derived from her increased seriousness, which afforded her much satisfaction.

In 1782 Miss More published in one volume her "Sacred Dramas," together with an epistolary poem, entitled "Sensibility." The work was well received, and had an extensive sale. It was designed chiefly for the young, whom it was well calculated to interest and instruct: but one of her biographers justly observes, that "it may be doubted whether dramatic compo-

sitions can ever render the simple narratives of Scripture more interesting than they are in themselves. There is something in them so inimitably touching that they seem to suffer from the most laboured attempts of human effort to give them increasing interest."

While Miss More was writing this volume, she became more deeply impressed with religious subjects. Her views of the great leading doctrines of Christianity seem to have undergone a change. She now saw that salvation by faith was the only method recognized in the word of God, and her deep humility, and her anxiety after religious instruction, are convincing evidences that, in the language of the Saviour, she "was not far from the kingdom of God."

CHAPTER IV.

Her religious state—Death of her father—Refuses to visit the theatre—"Bas Bleu"—Elected a member of the French Academy of Sciences—The poor milk-woman—Death of Dr. Johnson.

We have intimated that Miss More was turning her attention from things merely of a worldly nature, and devoting it more to the great interests of religion. Still the change does not appear to have been thorough in its commencement; but, as is frequently the case, was gradual and progressive. She did not abstain entirely from mingling with fashionable

society, or from visiting places of public amusement; but she always went reluctantly, and to gratify her friends rather than herself. She was still on terms of close intimacy with nearly all who made any pretensions to literary pursuits, and the difficulty of severing the ties which thus bound her to society she felt to be very great. We find her, however, mingling much more with persons of acknowledged piety, in whose conversation and instructions she seemed to take great delight.

In 1782 she spent some time with the excellent and learned Dr. Kennicott, and also with the bishop of Llandaff, where she again met Dr. Johnson. She returned to Bristol in July, and soon after received intelligence of the death of her aged and pious father. This, though not unexpected, was a heavy stroke, and affected her most sensibly. For three weeks she could not be persuaded to leave her room. Such an affecting providence, at a time when her heart was open to the divine teaching, was well calculated to deepen her religious impressions. Accordingly we find her afterward refusing to mingle in many of those scenes of pleasure in which she had hitherto thought it no harm to indulge. "I refused," she says, "to accompany Lady Spencer to hear Mrs. Siddons, though her ladyship took the pains yesterday to come and solicit me;" and afterward, when strongly urged to attend at the performance of "Percy," one of her own tragedies, she exhibited the same firmness.

Such singularity, in an age when the religious world was much less strict in its outward conduct than at present, sometimes laid her open to the censure of her friends, who upbraided her with epithets not then considered as the most respectful. "A visitor," she says in one of her letters, "has just gone away quite chagrined that I am such a rigid Methodist that I cannot come to her assembly on Sunday, though she protests, with great apparent piety, that she never has cards, and that it is quite savage in me to think there can be any harm in a little agreeable music."

In the spring of 1784 she wrote an interesting poem, entitled "Bas Bleu." The circumstances which gave rise to this poem are briefly these. Mrs. Vesey, a lady of distinction residing in London, had established a literary society composed of the lovers of letters of both sexes, the meetings of which were held at her house. Among the gentlemen who usually attended was Mr. Stillingfleet, as remarkable for his eccentricity as he was for his great learning, and who always wore *blue stockings*, a circumstance which caused the society to be called "The Blue Stocking Club," a cognomen which an intelligent foreigner translated literally "Bas Bleu," ("blue stocking.") This circumstance gave a name to her poem, the object of which was to exculpate the society from some unmerited aspersions which had been cast upon it because the amusement of cards had been excluded.

The poem, thus originated, was sent to a literary friend, W. W. Pepys, Esq., with the request that he would make any corrections he saw fit, and then forward the manuscript to Mrs. Vesey, without intimating from whom it came. It was the subject of much commendation among her friends, many of whom urged her to give it to the world. Dr. Johnson especially bestowed much praise upon it, declaring that "there was no name in [the annals of] poetry that might not be glad to own it.* The poem was not however published until three years after.

She continued to spend much time with Mrs. Garrick, where she was necessarily brought into frequent contact with the fashionable world, but she always used discrimination in accepting the invitations which flowed in upon her from all quarters. In one of her letters she says, "I was present the other night at a great assembly, which was so hot, so crowded, and so fine, that I never passed a more dull, unpleasant evening.

* This approbation of the learned doctor is thus communicated to her sister in one of her letters:—"Did I tell you I went to see Dr. Johnson? He received me with the greatest kindness and affection; and as to the 'Bas Bleu,' all the flattery I ever received from every body together, would not make up his sum. He said—but I seriously insist you do not tell any body, for I am ashamed of writing it even to you—he said there was no name in poetry that might not be glad to own it. You cannot imagine how I stared. All this from Johnson, that parsimonious praiser. I told him I was delighted at his approbation; he answered quite characteristically, 'And so you may, for I give you the opinion of a man who does not rate his judgment in these things very low, I can tell you.'"

I am absolutely resolved to go no more to such parties: how I grudged the waste of time."

In the same year Miss More received a letter from the president of the French Academy of Science, informing her that she had been elected a member of their society, as a testimony of the high regard they had entertained for her talents. The honor was gratefully received, and acknowledged in a reply to the president's letter.

The benevolence of her disposition was about this time finely illustrated by an incident which we shall relate. While residing at Bristol the cook informed the family that a person who called daily for kitchen stuff to feed her pig, was, with her husband and several children, absolutely perishing with hunger. In taking steps to rescue this wretched family, it was discovered that the woman possessed extraordinary talents which all her miseries had been unable to repress. She produced several scraps of verses which bore striking indications of genius, and at once enlisted Miss More effectually in her behalf. She paid her a visit at her miserable hovel, inquired into her condition, education, habits, morals, &c.; gave her lessons in orthography, and instructed her in such other knowledge as she most required; corrected the errors of her writings, and at her own risk and expense published a volume of her poems. But her benevolence did not stop here. She wrote letters to all her friends, stating the interest she had taken in the condition of the woman, and

desired their assistance. By these means she raised the sum of £600 sterling, nearly three thousand dollars, which was placed at the disposal of a committee to be applied to her use in the way they deemed most advisable. So extraordinary were her exertions that she declares she wrote more than a thousand letters to advance her benevolent object.

It is mortifying to know that her noble generosity was but poorly repaid. No sooner was Ann Yearsley, the poor milk-woman, informed of the amount which had been raised for her benefit than she began to be elated with pride, and manifested the blackest ingratitude for all the favours which had been heaped upon her. She employed the bitterest expressions of resentment against her benefactress for having represented her, in the preface to the volume of poems published for her benefit, as an object of charity: and inasmuch as Miss More had caused the money raised to be placed in the hands of a committee, instead of making it an unconditional gift, she accused her of retaining it for her own use: and even went so far as to assert that the blemishes in her poems were occasioned by the alterations which Miss More had seen fit to make.

Under this base treatment Miss More's conduct was such as became the disciple of the lowly Jesus. She did not revile in her turn, did not even take the trouble to contradict her calumnies, but left her vile assertions to refute themselves. "I grieve most," she writes, "for

poor fallen human nature. I am persuaded that Providence intends me good by it. Had the woman turned out well, which I fondly hoped would be the case, I should have had my *reward;* as it is I have my *trial.* Perhaps I was too vain of my success, and in counting over the money might be elated, and ready to say, 'Is not this great Babylon that I have builded?'"

Nor did the unprincipled conduct of the milkwoman prevent her benefactress from still exerting herself in her behalf. In one of her letters she says:—"I shall continue to take the same care of her pecuniary interests, and am even now engaged in bringing out a second edition of her poems. My conscience tells me that I ought not to give up my exertions for the children on account of their mother's wickedness." This noble magnanimity was worthy of a follower of Him who, in his last hour, cried, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do."

About this time Miss More was called to mourn the loss of another of her very intimate friends, the great, the lamented Dr. Johnson. The evening shadows had long been gathering around his life, and the night of death was soon to extinguish for ever one of the mightiest intellects which had ever shed its genius on the pages of literature. From their first acquaintance the doctor had manifested a deep interest in Miss More and her productions, and he had marked with great satisfaction the tendency of her later writings to advance the great interests

of morals and religion; and she, equally alive to the welfare of her valued and learned friend, felt the deepest anxiety about his declining health. "Poor, dear Johnson!" she writes, "is past all hope. The dropsy has brought him to the point of death. I have, however, the comfort to hear that his dread of dying is in a great measure subdued; and now he says, 'the bitterness of death is past.'" And again, "How delighted should I be to hear the conversation of this great and good man, now that his faith has subdued his fears."

Dr. Johnson had long been a powerful defender of Christianity, but yet it may be doubted whether he possessed that lively faith which realizes to the Christian all the promises of the gospel. The religion he had advocated consisted almost solely in obedience to moral precepts. He seemed not to comprehend that true piety could proceed only from a living faith in a crucified and risen Saviour, procuring pardon and peace for its possessor, and producing holiness of heart and life. Death always seemed to him as "the king of terrors," and the nearer he approached, the more did he shrink from meeting this last enemy. He had not yet learned that the "sting of death is sin," and that the "victory" is to be obtained through faith in the Redeemer.

But on the near prospect of eternity, the doctor began to perceive the sandy foundation on which he stood, and became alarmed for his insecurity and danger; and when it was inti-

mated to him that he might dismiss his fears because he had done so much in his writings for the cause of morality and religion, he remarked, "I have indeed written piously, but I have lived too much like other men."

In this state of mind he desired a pious clergyman to be called, who unfortunately felt himself unable to comply. He however wrote him a note, pointing him to "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." The doctor was exceedingly pleased with the letter, and very desirous to see the writer; but in this he was not gratified: he, however, received from him another letter, which, with the conversation of a pious friend, was sanctified to his good, and he was brought to renounce self, to place his sole reliance on Jesus as his Saviour, and at last he overcame the fear of death and died in peace.

The state of Miss More's mind cannot be better shown than by quoting some of her instructive observations on the death of her lamented friend. She says:—"I cannot conclude without remarking what honour God has hereby put upon the doctrine of faith in a crucified Saviour. The man whose intellectual powers had awed all around him was, in his turn, made to tremble, when the period arrived at which all knowledge is useless, and vanishes away, except the knowledge of the true God, and of Jesus Christ whom he hath sent. Effectually to attain this knowledge, this giant in literature must become a little child. The man

looked up to as a prodigy of wisdom must become a fool that he might be wise." Such reflections indicate a mind deeply imbued with the doctrines of the gospel, and show how they influenced her thoughts, words, and actions.

CHAPTER V.

Purchases Cowslip Green—Manner of spending her time —Dispenses reproof—Publishes "Bas Bleu," and "Florio' —Publishes "Thoughts on the Importance of the Manners of the Great"—"Bonner's Ghost."

THE very extensive acquaintance which Miss More had formed subjected her to the greatest inconveniences, and brought upon her such constant interruptions, and made such frequent demands upon her time, that she had long desired some place of seclusion to which she could retreat at her pleasure, and pursue her literary labours free from the bustle and confusion of city life. Accordingly, having accumulated a sum sufficient to answer her purpose, by the sale of her works, and from other sources, she set about carrying this purpose into effect, and purchased a small estate and cottage, not far from Bristol, called "Cowslip Green," to which she intended immediately to repair. The house was accordingly fitted up for her use in the summer of 1785, and she took possession of it in the following autumn. For some years she continued to occupy this delightful retreat dur-

ing the warm months, and in the winter to join her friend Mrs. Garrick, in London.

While in London she made it a rule to have her mornings and her Sabbaths entirely to herself, which she employed in devotional exercises, and in reading the Scriptures, or some work on theology. She absented herself from all those circles of gayety, much as she might be urged to attend, when she had reason to think the time would be employed to no useful purpose; but delighted to mingle with those little social or literary circles, where the mind was strengthened and improved by rational conversation, or the heart mellowed and bettered by the influences of religion. "I spent," she says, "quite a rational, sober, country day, on Thursday, with the wise and virtuous Langton, and Lady Rothes; so peaceful that I could hardly persuade myself that I was in London: dined at three; sat and worked while he read to us, or talked of books, till late at night. I really begin to hope we are reforming, for on Saturday we got such another sober day at Mrs. Montague's, where we all agreed we had not been so comfortable for a long time; yet people have seldom the sense thus to meet, but must assemble in herds or flocks." Again she says, "I have kept my resolution to avoid these great crowds, except when I have been snared into them by the alluring name of a private party, a trap into which I have sometimes fallen."

But Miss More not only felt it a duty to improve to the best advantage every moment of

her time, but she also took occasion to drop a seasonable word of advice and reproof, whereever she thought they would be received. "Lady B. and I," she says, "had a long discourse, yesterday; she seems anxious for religious information. I told her much plain truth, and she bore it so well that I ventured to give her Doddridge. Should she not stumble at the threshold, from the strong manner in which the book opens, I trust she will read it with good effect. Miss M. has been with me several times: she is beautiful, and accomplished, and surrounded with flatterers, and sunk in dissipation. I asked her why she continued to live so much below not only her principles, but her understanding; what pleasure she derived from crowds of persons so inferior to her; did it make her happy? 'Happy,' she said, 'no;' she was miserable: she despised the society she lived in, and had no enjoyment of the pleasure in which her life was consumed. But what could she do? she could not be singular: she must do as her acquaintance did. I urged the evil of such conduct home upon her conscience with such force that she wept bitterly, and embraced me. I conjured her to read her Bible, with which she is utterly unacquainted."

In 1787 Miss More published two poems, both of which did credit alike to her genius and piety. "Bas Bleu," or "Conversation," we have already remarked, had met with very warm commendation among her friends, and the judgment of the public was not less flattering. In

this poem she exposes the folly of those who dissipate their hours in a round of unmeaning folly, and then draws a beautiful picture of rational social converse. Many excellent extracts might be made, but our limits will not permit more than the following:—

> "Our intellectual ore must shine,
> Not slumber idly in the mine.
> Let education's moral mint
> The noblest images imprint;
> Let taste her curious touchstone hold,
> To try if standard be the gold;
> But 'tis thy commerce, conversation,
> Must give it use by circulation;
> That noblest commerce of mankind,
> Whose precious merchandize is MIND."

The other poem was entitled "Florio, a Tale for Fine Gentlemen and Fine Ladies." It was dedicated to Horace Walpole, afterward earl of Orford, with whom she was on terms of intimacy. It exhibits the portraiture of a man of fashion and dissipation, sketched from the manners of the age, contrasted with the character of an English gentleman of the old school; and ends in reforming Florio, by marrying him to a pious and amiable woman, the daughter of this country gentleman. The idle, vacant mind of the mere fop is well drawn in the character of Florio, as also the tendency of such an indolent, superficial mind, to skepticism and infidelity. The change in Florio after his marriage is thus beautifully described:—

> "Abroad with joy and grateful pride
> He walks with Celia by his side;
> A thousand cheerful thoughts arise,

Each rural scene enchants his eyes.
With transport he begins to look
On nature's all-instructive book:
No objects now seem mean or low,
Which point to Him from whom they flow
A berry, or a bud excites
A chain of reasoning which delights;
Which, spite of skeptic ebullitions,
Proves atheists not the best logicians;
A tree, a book, a blade of grass
Suggests reflections as they pass;
Till Florio with a sigh confest
The simplest pleasures are the best.
As pious Celia raised the theme
To holy faith and love supreme,
Enlighten'd Florio learn'd to trace
In nature's God, the God of grace.
Florio, escaped from fashion's school,
His heart and conduct learns to rule;
Conscience his youthful life approves.
He serves his God, his country loves,
Reveres her laws, protects her rights,
And for her interest pleads or fights;
Reviews with scorn his former life,
And for his rescue thanks his wife."

The same desire of correcting some of the follies of fashionable life which led her to the composition of "Florio," induced her soon after to write a tract which she entitled "Thoughts on the Importance of the Manners of the Great to General Society." It was written during the summer in her retirement at Cowslip Green, and was also published in 1787, but without her name. The subject was handled with great ability, and the work was generally acknowledged to be the production of one familiar with the foibles of rank and fashion. "Never," says one well able to judge, "were the evils of a mere life of inactivity and frivolity

more correctly depicted, or more faithfully reproved. The spirit of the world is shown to be in every point directly hostile to that of Christianity, and all efforts to make the love of the former, with the pursuit of its vanities, compatible with the love of the latter, are exposed as utterly delusive. The mask of piety is torn from the mere formalist, his inconsistencies are exposed, and he is exhibited in his native deformity."

The work created considerable sensation at the time, and was very useful: its author, however, did not long remain unknown, and congratulations and acknowledgments were soon poured in upon her from every quarter. Mr. Newton, in a letter to her, thus does justice to the high motives which influenced her in this production. "I congratulate you," he says, "on the performance, and especially on the choice of a subject. You could easily write what would procure you more *general applause;* but it is a singular privilege to have a consecrated pen, and to be able and willing to devote our talents to the cause of piety." The work, however, though on an unpopular subject, was well received, and several successive editions printed off and sold.

It would hardly be expected that writings of the character which Miss More was now engaged in putting before the world, would circulate widely without occasionally giving offence. This, however, she little regarded, and in one of her letters relates an amusing attack

which was made upon her by a gentleman whom she visited. "He took me to task," she says, "for having exhibited such monstrously absurd doctrines. He defended (and that was the joke) religion against me, and said he would do so against the whole bench of bishops, that the fourth commandment [enjoining the sanctity of the sabbath] was the most amiable and merciful law ever promulgated, as it entirely considers the care and comfort of the hard-laboring poor, and beasts of burden; but that it was never intended for persons of fashion who had no occasion to rest, as they never do any thing on other days; and indeed at the time the law was made there were no people of fashion. He really pretended to be in earnest, and we parted mutually unconvinced: he lamenting that I am fallen into the heresy of puritanical strictness; and I lamenting that he is a person of fashion for whom the ten commandments were not made."

We find Miss More in 1789 spending some time with different friends. In May she visited Mr. Walpole; in June she was with the bishop of London at Fulham, and also with Mr. Bouverie in Kent. While at Fulham she wrote another little poem, called "Bonner's Ghost," in which she severely satirizes the superstitious mummeries of the Romish Church. The circumstances which led to its composition she thus relates:—"In the gardens of the palace at Fulham is a dark recess; at the end of this stands a chair which once belonged to Bishop Bonner.

The poem is founded on a legend connected with the palace at Fulham.

CHAPTER VI.

Visits her friends—Begins her schools—Publishes her "Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World"—Continues to devote much time to her schools—Her plans of instruction—Annual festival—Goes to Bath.

In the summer of 1789, after a short stay at Cowslip Green, we find Miss More travelling with Mr. and Mrs. Wilberforce through some of the northern counties of England. On her return she spent some time with the dowager duchess at Stoke. In the autumn she just called on Mrs. Montague in Berkshire, and afterward paid a short visit to the bishop of Salisbury. Alluding to these visits she says:—"With all my fantastic dreams of hermitage and retreat, and a place to retire to be melancholy in, any thing less like a hermit, or more like a fine lady, cannot be easily conceived." It would seem, however, that Miss More was far from being idle, and that her head, prompted by her heart, was labouring with designs for the benefit of her fellow creatures which would require greater exertions than any which she had hitherto undertaken. These labours are alluded to in a letter to Mrs. Carter, as follows:—

"I am engaged in a work in which I am sure I shall have your hearty prayers and good

wishes. You will, I dare say, mistake the word *work*, and think it some literary vanity; but no, this is it. A friend of mine and myself, having with great concern discovered a very large village at some miles distance from me, containing incredible multitudes of poor, plunged in an excess of vice, poverty, and ignorance, beyond what one would suppose possible in a civilized and Christian country, have undertaken the task of seeing if we cannot become humble instruments of usefulness to these poor creatures, in the way of schools and a little sort of manufactory. The difficulties are great, and my hopes not sanguine; but He who does not despise the day of small things will, I trust, bless this project."

This important work, thus suggested, commanded much of her attention during the remainder of her life, and she was assisted in it more or less by all her sisters. These pious and indefatigable women, having accumulated by their labors a handsome competence, disposed of their establishment in Bristol, and in the latter part of 1789 removed to Bath where they built a house and resided, but frequently spent a portion of the summer months with their sister at Cowslip Green. But their retirement was not marked by a course of self-indulgence and inactivity. Having learned the benevolent object of Hannah's labours, they cheerfully and vigorously lent their aid, and during a long life the gratuitous religious instruction and improvement of the poor and their

children in the surrounding country, occupied a great share of their attention.

The spot on which Miss More had determined to plant the standard of Christian education was the village of Cheddan, about ten miles distant from Cowslip Green; a place which was, at the time, much more remarkable for its romantic scenery than for the intelligence and morality of its inhabitants: so that, notwithstanding the benevolence of her designs, she found many difficulties to encounter before she could even succeed in making a commencement. Learning that it was necessary to gain the good will of the principal man of the village, she called on him and disclosed her plan in the hope that it would meet his approbation: but in this she was disappointed. He desired that she would not bring any religion into the place, adding, "it is the worst thing in the world for the poor, making them lazy and worthless." Finding that she had to contend with great difficulties, and that friends must be secured or her project would fail, she was most assiduous in her attentions to the people of the village, and made eleven more calls of a similar kind, by which means she finally overcame their prejudices so far that she deemed it safe to proceed. In a letter to Mr. Wilberforce she playfully describes the success of her efforts as follows:—"Miss Wilberforce," she says, "would have been shocked had she seen the petty tyrants whose insolence I stroked and tamed, the ugly children I praised,

the pointers and spaniels I caressed, the cider I commended and the wine I swallowed. After these irresistible flatteries, I inquired of each if he could recommend me to a house; and said that I had a little plan which I hoped would secure their orchards from being robbed, their rabbits from being shot, their game from being stolen, and which might lower the poor rates. If effect be the best proof of eloquence, then mine was a good speech, for I gained at length the hearty concurrence of the whole people."

In another part of this letter she says:—"I procured immediately a good house, which, when a partition is taken down and a window added, will receive a great number of children. The house and an excellent garden of almost an acre of ground, I have taken at once for six guineas and a half per year. I have ventured to take it for *seven years*,—there is courage for you! it is to be put in order *immediately;* 'for the night cometh:' and it is a comfort to think, that though I may be dust and ashes in a few weeks, yet by that time this business will be in actual motion."

The school thus commenced soon obtained considerable popularity in the neighbourhood, and from a small number gradually increased to near three hundred scholars. Before long it was evident that she was right, and that the loose practices of the village were undergoing reform. Many of the poor who had hitherto been dissipated and idle became sober and or-

derly members of society, and the more wealthy were soon glad to second her exertions. Gratified at her unlooked-for success, she determined to enlarge her field of labours, and in conjunction with one of her sisters she set about looking up another place where she might repeat her efforts with like success. She was not long in finding another village equally destitute of moral culture, and commenced with the same zeal another establishment which was also soon placed on a respectable footing, and "in the full tide of successful experiment." These labours had so much excited her interest that she regretted her usual engagement to spend the winter in London with Mrs. Garrick, whither, however, she proceeded early in January, 1790.

While in London she published, without her name, an essay, on which she had for some time been engaged, entitled "An Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World." No sooner did it appear than it was bought up with the greatest eagerness, and universally considered as the production of her pen. Cadell, her publisher, had been requested to forward a copy to several of her friends, but not to name the author. Mrs. Chapone, on receiving one of these, in a letter to Miss More thus acknowledged its receipt:—"The same good gentleman who some time ago gave his excellent thoughts to the great has again made a powerful effort for their reformation, which they receive with as much avidity as if they meant to be amended by it; indeed he has wisely

recommended it to their taste by every charm and ornament of eloquence. He has been so obliging as to send me a copy of his admirable book; and as I do not know his name or address, I take the liberty of applying to you who are, I believe, pretty well acquainted with him, though probably not aware of half his merits. I beg you will convey to him my grateful acknowledgments for his favour, assure him that he continually rises in my esteem, and (gentleman though he be) I sincerely love and honour him, and wish the most perfect success to all his undertakings."

In a like letter from Bishop Porteus, to whom Cadell had forwarded a copy, it was observed: —"Indeed, my dear friend, it is in vain to think of concealing yourself. Your style and manner are so marked, and so confessedly superior to any moral writer of the present age, that you will be immediately detected by any one that pretends to any taste and skill in discriminating the characteristic excellencies of one author from another." The bishop of Salisbury also addressed her in a similar manner. "Neither your wishes for concealment," says he, "nor my silence, will avail: the internal evidence is too powerful; and no doubt can remain on the mind of the reader of the 'Thoughts on the Manners of the Great,' whether 'The Religion of the Fashionable World' proceeds from the same excellent heart and eloquent pen." Mrs. Boscawen in a letter to the same effect writes:— "Indeed, my good friend, your plan of secrecy

would have succeeded perfectly, if giants could be concealed: but if, like Saul, you are higher than any of the people from the shoulders and upward, you must be conspicuous." Mr. Newton writes thus:—"I received, last week, 'An Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World.' Somebody deserves thanks for the pleasure its perusal has given me, and I conceive that nobody has a better title to them than yourself."

At the period when this excellent work made its appearance, true religion was almost extinct among the influential classes of England: the form existed, but it was without life, and even its authorized teachers advocated it more as a fiction than as an emanation from the Deity. The intercourse of Miss More with fashionable society made her familiar with these facts, and it was the design of her work to point out some of the causes which had thus lowered the standard of Christian piety and presented religion to the world as a dead and spiritless system devoid of practical results. The work is written in the best possible spirit, and was well calculated to accomplish the ends which the amiable author had in view. After showing that Christianity, as it then existed, was altogether different from that system of faith preached by the Saviour and his apostles, she goes on to trace the decay of piety to the want of early religious education—the omission of family devotion among professors—the want of harmony between Christian faith and Christian practice,

&c., and closes the work by some pointed and severe censures on those individuals who, while they admire Christianity as a system of morals, deny its divine authority.

Soon after the publication of this volume Miss More returned to her cottage at Cowslip Green, and renewed her labours in giving instruction to the poor of the neighbouring parishes. Her efforts had been successful far beyond her hopes; and, aided by her sisters, she was constantly extending them, and making such improvements as her better experience suggested. In 1791 she received a visit from the Rev. John Newton, who went with her from mountain to valley through her field of labor, which then extended over a circuit of nearly ten miles, and embraced no less than six different schools. His excellent counsels and pious instructions gave her much encouragement, and stimulated her to increased exertions.

At no great distance from her residence was a village, so abandoned to profligacy and ignorance, that she had hitherto been dissuaded from attempting any reformation, on account of the rudeness and ferocity of the inhabitants. She now, however, determined to make the attempt, and, although her friends continued to remonstrate, yet, acting on the principle that the more they were degraded the more they stood in need of instruction, she commenced the work and was, happily, most successful. A spot where all was misery, confusion, and vice, in a few months, by the feeble efforts of two or

three unprotected females, was transformed into a peaceful and orderly community.

Such results were cheering indeed, and, to a benevolent mind, brought with them a rich reward. Religious instruction formed a prominent part of her plan, and she coupled with the literary exercises a Sunday evening service for religious worship, which was made accessible to all. These meetings were opened by reading a portion of Scripture, then a suitable prayer was offered up, and afterward a plain short sermon, selected from some pious author, was read, when the meeting closed. One of the sisters usually conducted these exercises: and, at first, they met with some opposition. In a letter to Mr. Wilberforce Miss More says: "It was, at first, thought very Methodistical, and we got a few broken windows; but quiet perseverance carried us through. Many reprobates were, by the blessing of God, awakened, and many swearers and sabbath breakers reclaimed. The numbers, both of young and old scholars, increased, and the daily life and conversation of many seemed to keep pace with their religious profession on the Sunday. We now begin to distribute Bibles and prayer-books, with some other religious publications."

The ignorance that prevailed among the lower classes in this part of England, at this time, was most deplorable. Miss More tells us, in one of her letters, that "not one out of more than a hundred children, in one parish, could tell who made them." Very few were

able to read, and still fewer were acquainted with the leading doctrines of the Christian religion. But, besides this degrading ignorance, they were also very poor, and it was the design of these excellent ladies to better their temporal as well as their spiritual condition. To accomplish this last purpose Miss More divided them into societies, and introduced among them several little arts, stimulated their industry, and taught them economy. She also instituted a sort of annual feast, at which she or some one or more of her sisters always attended, together with some clergymen and other guests, who might be invited. These little regulations had the happiest effect: "Among their advantages," she says, "one is, that the women, who used to plead that they could not come to church because they had no clothes, now are seldom absent. The necessity of attending public worship with us in the procession, on the anniversary, raises an honest ambition to provide something decent to wear, and the churches are now filled, on a Sunday, with clean-looking women."

The expense of establishing and keeping up all these schools must, of course, have been very great, notwithstanding the rigid economy used, and far exceeding the means of either Miss More or her sisters. They were, however, responsible for all the debts incurred, and, besides their exertions, contributed largely of the means they possessed, while liberal contributions were made among their friends, from

time to time, in order to supply the remainder. But their exertions for these destitute, ignorant, and neglected people were of that truly benevolent character, which looked not for their reward in this world, and did not, therefore, pause at trifling impediments.

In a letter to Mrs. Kennicott Miss More amusingly describes one of her annual festivals; and, from her playful manner, one would almost be led to the opinion that her undertaking cost her neither anxiety nor self-denial. "I have," she says, "kept this scrawl some days for want of time to finish it, so busy have we been in preparing for a grand celebration distinguished by the pompous name of *Mendip Feast*. The range of hills you remember, in this country, on the top of which we yesterday gave a dinner of beef, and plum-pudding, and cider to our schools. There were not quite six hundred children; for I would not admit the new schools, telling them they must be good for a a year or two to be entitled to so good a thing as a dinner. We had two tents pitched on the hill; our cloth was spread around, and we were enclosed in a fence, within which, in a circle, the children sat. We all went in wagons and carried a large company of our own to carve for the children, who sung psalms very prettily in the intervals. Curiosity had drawn a great multitude for a country so thinly populated; five thousand was the estimated number present. Nearly all the clergy of the neighbourhood came, and I requested a separate minister

to say grace for each parish." She concludes the description by saying, "We all parted with the most perfect peace, having fed about nine hundred people for less than a fine dinner for twenty would cost."

The extraordinary exertions of Miss More, in sustaining and improving these schools, during the summer and autumn, together with her frequent exposure to night air and bad weather, occasioned by her journeys, at length proved too much for her health and she was compelled to retire to Bath to recruit; where, however, she formed new designs of usefulness in the further enlargement of her labours: "I am thankful," she says, in one of her letters, "for the prospect of laying in a little health for future services, for I have partly pledged myself, in my own mind, if I live and have health and money, to take up two new parishes, next spring, four miles below Cheddar. These parishes are large and populous, they are as dark as Africa, and I do not like the thought that, at the day of judgment, any people should be found to have perished who were within my possible reach, and only that I might have a little more ease." These resolves were, through great difficulty and much opposition, carried into full effect on her return to Cowslip Green the next spring.

CHAPTER VII.

Death bed scenes—Attention to the afflicted—Visit to London—Publishes "Village Politics"—Publishes "Remarks on Dupont's Speech"—Attack on her writings—Commences the "Monthly Repository."

It has been well said that

> "The chamber where the good man meets his fate
> Is privileged beyond the common walk
> Of virtuous life."

The death of the Christian is his last triumph. "The sting of death is sin," and sin having been conquered through faith in the Redeemer, the dying Christian is enabled to cry out, "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." How such a scene shames the senseless cavils of the skeptic, and puts to flight all the false reasonings of vain philosophy!

Early in the year 1792 Miss More, though her own health was extremely feeble, was called to witness the last hours of some of her intimate friends, and she was constrained to say with the wise man—"that it is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting." The late Dr. Horne, bishop of Norwich, one of her most esteemed correspondents, was lying ill at Bath, and during one of her visits to that place breathed his last. She was with him several times during her short stay, and in one of her letters she says, "He was so much better a few days ago that I was expecting he would have sent for me to sit with him

in the evening; but Patty called yesterday and found him actually dying. He had just received the sacrament with his family with extraordinary devotion. Every word he uttered, every text he repeated, consisted of praise and the most devout thankfulness. He took leave of all separately; exhorted and blessed them. He calmly pronounced the words, "Blessed Jesus," stretched himself out and expired with the utmost tranquillity. We ought to rejoice that he is released from a painful and burdensome body; and surely we *do* rejoice that his death was so consistent with his life, and that he honoured his Christian profession with his dying breath. How wise, how pleasant, and how good he was, we shall often remember."

On the death of the bishop, his widow came and resided with Miss More for some time, and her efforts to soothe the mind of her disconsolate and bereaved friend were incessant. But while thus endeavouring to dispense comfort to *one* of her afflicted friends, she was called to share in the toils and sorrows of *another*. In a letter to Mrs. Kennicott she says:—"You heard me speak, I think, of two young ladies of uncommon parts and piety, cousins to Mrs. Wilberforce, settled at Bath, quite alone in a lodging, of course wanting friendship and attention. One of these has been dying eighteen days, to all appearance; but in a manner more truly heroic and pious than any thing of the kind I ever witnessed. She talks of her departure constantly, and with pleasure; and though when in health

she was remarkably diffident and timid, she now exhorts and instructs all who come near her; and tells them what a wretched state she would now be in if she had nothing better in which to trust than her own righteousness."

As this young lady had only her sister to attend her, Miss More, though herself quite unwell, offered her assistance, and was almost constantly at the bed-side of the amiable and dying girl, whose faith seemed to strengthen just in proportion as she drew near to the gates of death. "In the night on which she died," says Miss More, "she called us all about her, and with an energy of spirit quite unlike herself she cried out in an animated tone, 'Be witness, all of you, that I bear my dying testimony to the truth of my Christian profession. I am divinely supported, and have almost a foretaste of heaven! Oh! this is not pain but pleasure!'" Soon after she experienced great anguish of body, during which she often cried out, "let patience have its perfect work. Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him: thy will, not mine, be done." In this happy frame of mind died one "who," says Miss More, "was so shy, reserved, cold, and hesitating in her natural manner, that few ever discovered what a close intimacy enabled me to discover—a most accomplished mind hidden under a thick veil of humility."

These instructive death-bed scenes were not lost on such a tender sensitive mind as that of Hannah More, and tended still further to

deepen that piety which now influenced every act of her life. "I am not afraid," she says, "that these scenes will affect me too much; my fear is that the impression may escape before it has wrought its full benefit upon the soul." For some time her attention was occupied in doing what she could to comfort the bereaved, for which purpose the house of her sisters, where she was staying, was opened for their reception, and where they received every attention which the most enlarged Christian benevolence could bestow.

Since Miss More had become so actively engaged in her schemes of benevolence at home, her visits to London had been much less frequent than before. We find her, however, in the spring of this year, again among her London friends, but still actively employed in every work of charity and kindness. She had scarcely arrived when she was engaged with all her soul in rescuing a young heiress who had been decoyed from school by an unprincipled man at the age of only fourteen years. Next we find her administering to the wants of De Lolme, the author of a well known treatise on the English Constitution, who by his extravagance had fallen into prison. A day or two after her sympathies were enlisted in behalf of an unhappy girl who had attempted to drown herself.

On her return she spent several days at Fulham with the bishop of London, who urged her to write some tracts calculated to counteract

the influence of French infidelity, the infection of which was spreading rapidly through the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. In accordance with the wishes of her friend she immediately commenced a tract for this purpose, which was written hastily in the form of a dialogue, and entitled "Village Politics." In order the more effectually to conceal the authorship, she sent it to another publisher by the vame of Rivington, with orders to print it without her name. This work which she valued but little, and which she says, "on one sick day I scribbled, and the very next morning sent off to Rivington's" for publication, proved to be an invaluable tract, and was read with eagerness by all ranks of people, although it was designed only for the lower classes. The sale was rapid and extensive, and hundreds were bought up and distributed by different gentlemen in their own neighbourhood. Bishop Porteus was delighted with it. "'Village Politics,'" he writes, "is universally extolled: it has been read and greatly admired at Windsor, and its fame is spreading rapidly over all parts of the kingdom. Mr. Cambridge says that Swift could not have done better. I am perfectly of that opinion; it is a master-piece of its kind. I congratulate myself on having drawn out a new talent in you, and on having thereby done much good to my country."

This excellent prelate, having been thus successful in bringing out Miss More on this important subject, urged her to continue her la-

bours in the same field, and, the more to stimulate her in the work, sent her a copy of M. Dupont's speech before the French National Convention, in which religion was openly traduced and deism defended. The result of this appeal was an excellent pamphlet, entitled, "Remarks on the Speech of M. Dupont on the Subject of Religion and Public Education," prefixed to which was an address in behalf of the French emigrant clergy, who had been driven, destitute and friendless, from their homes and firesides to seek an asylum on the more tolerant shores of Great Britain, and to whom the profits of her work, amounting to nearly $1000, were consecrated.

"In this spirited, well-written pamphlet," says Mr. Taylor, one of her biographers, "the absurdity, wickedness, and pernicious tendency of atheism are clearly depicted. Infidelity is not openly attacked, but is exhibited as the hideous parent of vices the most gigantic, utterly barren of all that is good, richly productive of unmitigated, universal evil. It is a concise, but noble defence of Christianity, well worthy, at any time, of an attentive perusal; but more especially serviceable at the time of its appearance, when it operated as a powerful—perhaps the most powerful—check to that wild, reckless spirit of atheistic freedom, misnamed liberty, which threatened then to produce the same frightful havoc in England as it had already produced in France."

But, although it was written in an amiable,

Christian spirit, without harshness, and without any design to arouse opposition, it was severely attacked by three individuals: "The first accused me," she says, "of openly opposing God's vengeance against popery, by wickedly wishing that the French priests should not be starved when it was God's will that they should be: the second undertakes the defence of Dupont and justifies his principles: the third declares that I am a favourer of the old popish massacres."

The reasons which, in her address, she assigns for desiring to alleviate the condition of the exiled Catholic clergy, should have screened her from all attacks on that score. She justly says: "Christian charity is of no party. We plead not for their faith, but for their wants;" and adds, "if we wish for proselytes, who knows but this may be the first step toward their conversion, if we show them the purity of our religion by the beneficence of our actions?"

But the attacks made upon Miss More's works never gave her any uneasiness. Instead of returning railing for railing she always endeavoured to extract from them something to profit her and keep her humble. "All censure," she says, "is profitable; for, if one does not happen to deserve it for the thing in question, it makes one look into one's self; and my mind is of such a make, that my chief danger lies, not in abuse, but in flattery." If, however, she had needed the support of her friends,

they stood ready to give it. Lord Orford, (late Horace Walpole,) says, in a letter to her, "Let the vile abuse vented against you be balm to your mind. Your writings must have done great service when they have so much provoked the enemy. All, who have any religion or principle, must revere your name. Who would not be hated by Duponts and Dantons? and, if abhorrence of atheism implies popery, reckon it a compliment to be called papist?"

Notwithstanding these occasional efforts of her pen, the chief object of Miss More's attention was still the improvement of the lower classes, by the means which she had already employed with so much success; and, during the year 1793, she formed the project of publishing, as an immediate auxiliary to her labours, a cheap "Monthly Repository," the object of which was to diffuse useful and religious knowledge more generally among the poor. Scarcely was the idea suggested to her mind before she set about putting it into execution. It was printed, under her sole superintendence, at Bath, and immediately acquired an immense circulation; so great, indeed, that the press could scarcely supply the requisite number of copies, the sale of which amounted, in the first year, to no less than *two millions*.

She wrote to all her literary friends, desiring contributions; but most of the articles were the production of her own pen. Among them were "The Tale of the Shepherd of Salisbury Plain," "The Two Wealthy Farmers," "The

Two Shoemakers," "Betty Brown, the Orange Girl," "Black Giles, the Poacher," "Mr. Fantom the Infidel, and his Servants," "Hester Wilmot," together with all the allegories. Industry and economy were constantly inculcated in its pages, and it was enriched with sound and wholesome information on all subjects likely to be of advantage to the poor.

That this work was of immense importance and did much toward counteracting the theoretical follies of the day, the natural offspring of the French philosophy; and that its influence was felt in bettering the condition of the poor, by correcting their morals, stimulating their industry, and teaching them economy, is the universal testimony of those who best know. In it we behold a mind fitted for the higher walks of literature, endowed to shine in the loftier flights of poetry or fiction, stooping to be merely useful, bending its attention to the noble effort of bettering the condition of the poor, who could neither recompense her with money nor crown her with honours. "My career," she says, "is not, indeed, a very brilliant one; but I feel that the value of a thing lies much more in its usefulness than in its splendour, that I have a notion I should derive more benefit from being able to lower the price of bread, than from having written the 'Iliad." "But," she adds, "let me not forget to do homage to real talents, for which I still retain something of my ancient kindness."

It was this noble principle that guided all

her actions; and her readiness always to employ her time or her talents in doing good, may be further illustrated by a little incident which happened about this time. The colliers in the neighbourhood of Bath, for some cause which we do not know, had become greatly excited and dissatisfied, and had formed a coalition for the purpose of revolt, which must have been attended with very unpleasant consequences. Her benevolent genius immediately suggested that a sprightly ballad, in which the evils of revolt were exposed, might meet the ear and prevent the evil. Accordingly she set about the work, and her poem, which was entitled "The Revolt," contained such genuine touches of humour on the subject that its circulation among the disaffected put a complete stop to their plans. Such was the readiness with which this excellent woman turned her gifted mind to the advantage of her species.

CHAPTER VIII.

Her religious activity—Visit to the duchess of Gloucester—Meeting with Lord Orford—Present from Lord Orford—Attention to her schools and "Repository Tracts"—Death of Lord Orford—Increased attention to religion—Present of Lord Orford's work—Dangerously injured by a fall—"Repository Tracts" discontinued—Commences another school—Opposition.

The private journal of Miss More, during the year 1794, exhibits her indefatigable exertions to promote every scheme of benevo-

lence which was likely to result in the good of mankind; and it also shows her deep and growing piety. We find her feasting her pupils, *a thousand* at a time, spending her Sundays among them, dispensing to them religious instruction, writing continually, in the intervals of her more active labours, for her "Repository Tracts," reproving the fashionable follies of her friends in "high places," and directing the broken-hearted to the word of life, for the balm to heal all their sorrows.

Early in 1795 she visited London, where she maintained her Christian firmness and dignity among the great, and, on every proper occasion, bore her testimony in favour of the doctrines of vital piety, as taught by our Lord and his apostles. Writing to her sister she says: "I paid my visit to Gloucester house yesterday. Lady Waldegrave presented me to the duchess. We had two hours of solid, rational, religious conversation. It would be too little to say, that the behaviour of the duchess is gracious in the extreme. She behaved to me with the affectionate familiarity of an equal; and, though I took the opportunity of saying stronger things of a religious kind than, perhaps, she had ever heard, she bore it better than any person I ever conversed with, and seemed not offended at the strictness of the gospel."

With her friend, Lord Orford, she was less successful. "He rallied me," she writes, "for what he called the ill-natured strictness of my tracts: and talked, foolishly enough, of the cru

elty of making the poor spend so much time in reading books. I recommended him, and the ladies present, to read 'Law's Serious Call:' I told them that it was a book that their favourite, Gibbon, had highly praised; and, moreover, that Law had been Gibbon's tutor in early life." "Was there ever," she adds, "such a contrast between tutor and pupil?"

It seems likely that, notwithstanding the apparent opposition of Lord Orford to the strictness of her principles, at this time, he afterward better appreciated them, and perhaps profited by the book which she had thus recommended to his attention; for, during an attack of illness, a short time after, he expressed a regret for having reproached her for her piety, with the hope that she would forgive him, and, on his recovery, transmitted her a copy of Bishop Wilson's Bible, elegantly bound, in three quarto volumes. Upon it was this inscription:—

TO HIS EXCELLENT FRIEND,
MISS HANNAH MORE,
THIS BOOK,
WHICH HE KNOWS TO BE THE DEAREST OBJECT
OF HER STUDY,
AND BY WHICH,
TO THE GREAT COMFORT AND RELIEF
OF NUMBERLESS AFFLICTED AND DISTRESSED
INDIVIDUALS,
SHE HAS PROFITED,
BEYOND ANY PERSON WITH WHOM HE IS
ACQUAINTED,

IS OFFERED AS A MARK OF HIS ESTEEM AND GRATITUDE,
BY HER SINCERE AND OBLIGED HUMBLE SERVANT,
HORACE,
EARL OF ORFORD,
1795.

This gratifying testimonial of the continued kindness and good will of her friend, instead of exciting her vanity, seems to have produced an effect directly opposite. "O," said she, in a letter to her sister, "O, that he would himself study this blessed book, to which, in his most flattering inscription, he attributes my having done far more good than is true." "Alas!" she adds, "when I receive these undue compliments, I am ready to answer with my old friend Johnson, 'Sir, I am a miserable sinner!'"

During the summer she added another school to her charge, which was undertaken at the earnest request of the resident clergyman and magistrate. It was in a most benighted region, and the opening prospects were not the most flattering. "Several of the grown-up youths," she says, "had been tried at the late assizes; three were the children of a person lately condemned: many thieves, all ignorant, profane, vicious, beyond belief. Of this banditti we have admitted nearly two hundred; and, when the clergyman saw these creatures kneeling round us, whom he had seldom seen but in the discharge of his magisterial duties, to commit, or punish, he burst into tears. I can do them

but little good, I fear, but the grace of God can do all."

The interest which she and her sisters took in these labours of love is truly remarkable. In a letter to Mr. Wilberforce, acknowledging a sum of money which he had appropriated for distribution among her poor, in consequence of the severity of the winter, she says, "I joyfully accept the honourable office of your almoner, on condition that you will find fault with, and direct me, with as little scruple as I shall have in disposing of your money. Patty is very proud of being admitted into the confederacy; but I like my dignity too well to allow her to be more than vice-queen. What a comfort I feel in looking round on these starving and half-naked multitudes, to think that, by your liberality, many of them may be fed and clothed; and, O! if but one soul is rescued from eternal misery, how may we rejoice over it in another state, when, perhaps, it may make no small part of our felicity that our friendship was turned to some useful account, in advancing the good of others; and, as I humbly presume to hope, in preparing ourselves for that life which shall have no end."

In 1796 Miss More, the better to fit her labours to the condition of the poor, brought out two editions of her "Repository Tracts:" one, on superior paper, for the rich; and one, very common, for distribution; by which means she hoped more effectually to counteract the seditious and skeptical publications with which the

country was inundated. It was her object to make it so exceedingly cheap that it might be read by all, and especially that it might find its way wherever the infidel trash of the hawkers (the pedlars) had penetrated. In this design she seems, in a measure, to have been successful. At least the enemies of Christianity felt her power, and attacked her on all sides. She was also attacked by different political factions. This, however, she little regarded, and, according to her settled practice, bore it all in silence. Speaking of it, in one of her letters, she says: "May you and I be tempted, neither by abuse nor flattery, to depart from that candour and that tolerating spirit, which make so necessary a part of the Christian character, and which, I trust, will stand us in stead when all petty names of party shall be done away, and when charity shall be all in all."

During the winter of 1796 Miss More again visited London, calling, as usual, upon "her royal highness," the duchess of Gloucester, and endeavouring to draw her mind toward the mild precepts of the gospel. In the following spring she repeated her visit to the metropolis, and, while there, heard of the death of Lord Orford, for whom she had long cherished an ardent friendship. Writing to her sister she refers to the event in language which exhibits the deep concern which she felt for his spiritual welfare. "Poor Lord Orford!" she says, "I could not help mourning for him. Twenty years' unclouded kindness and pleasant correspondence

cannot be given up without emotion. I am not sorry, now, that I never flinched from any of his ridicule, or attacks, or suffered them to pass without rebuke. At our last meeting I made him promise to buy 'Law's Serious Call.' His playful wit, his various knowledge, his polished manners, alas! what avail they now? The most serious thoughts are awakened. 'O, that he had known and believed the things which belonged to his peace.'"

Her visits to the duchess of Gloucester afforded her much satisfaction. "By far the most interesting evening," she says, "that I have passed in town, was at Gloucester house, where I have been twice. It would make some folks smile to know that we read the epistle to the Ephesians, commenting upon it as we proceeded." The duchess was anxious for religious knowledge, and Miss More delighted in leading her to the "fountain opened in the house of David." The correspondence between them was long kept up, and abounded in interest.

Her mind continued to be more and more absorbed in the things of religion. On the first day of the year 1798, while in London, she made a new dedication of herself to God. "Having," she says, in her journal, "obtained help of God, I continue to this day. Let me now dedicate myself to him with a more entire surrender than I have ever made. I resolve, by his grace, to be more watchful over my temper and thoughts; not to speak harshly; to in-

dulge in no vain, idle, resentful, impatient, worldly imaginations; to strive after closer communion with God; to let no hour pass without lifting up my heart to him, through Christ; not to let a day pass without some thoughts of death; to ask myself, every night when I lie down, am I fit to die? to labour to do and to suffer the whole will of God, and to restrain all undue anxiety by casting myself on God in Christ." Soon after she again writes, "I indulge too frequently in the thought, how much better I might be had I fewer interruptions, more opportunities of religious improvement, more pious friends, less worldly company. There is great self-deception in all this. The question ought rather to be, Do I make the most of my time? Lord assist me so to do, and help me to bear patiently what I dislike."

This rigid self-inspection—this keen sense of the value of time—this constant watchfulness over her thoughts, words, and actions—exhibits the workings of a well-disciplined mind—of a conscience "quick as the apple of an eye"—and a heart burning with a deep and ardent desire after higher spiritual attainments. Her remarks on the pulpit efforts of some of the London clergy, who laboured more after elegance of diction, and a graceful, florid style, than for the salvation of souls, are also evidence to the same point. "Heard —— preach," she says, "elegant language—earnest and bold; but nothing to the heart; no food for perishing sinners. Lord, send more labourers into thy

vineyard! Increase the number of those who preach Jesus Christ, and salvation through him only."

On receiving a present of Lord Orford's work, which, much against her wish, had been embellished with her portrait, accompanied with many flattering remarks, she says, "Lord keep me from self-sufficiency; and humble me under a deep sense of the emptiness of earthly honours. Lord Orford had all *this* world could give; great, witty, brilliant; of how little use are these things to him now! 'Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God.' Grant me this purity, and an utter indifference to time, and deadness to the world."

During the summer, while attending one of her schools, she caught a severe cold by remaining too long in a damp, unfinished room, and was soon after attacked severely with pain in her head, which continued several days. In this condition she met with an accident which had nearly proved fatal. "On Monday," she says, "being left alone, I fell from the place where I was sitting in a fainting fit. I dashed my face against the corner of a stone wall, and lay a long time without any signs of life. My sisters found me in a posture which must soon have suffocated me, with my face frightfully disfigured, and the floor sprinkled with blood. There was a strong contest between life and death, but it pleased my merciful God to raise me up. It was a good while before I had any clear ideas, but felt a sort of stupid serenity;

no emotion, but a general feeling that I had not done enough for God ; and a deep concern to know what poor Patty would do." The effects of this illness continued many weeks, and we find in her journal and letters frequent allusions to it. " Lord," she says, " sanctify pain to me ; make me as willing to suffer thy will as to do it."

In the autumn of this year she discontinued her " Repository Tracts," which had now occupied a great share of her attention for about three years, and which had a sale so extraordinary that they had literally been distributed all over the kingdom. Alluding to the completion of this work in her journal, she says :—" Bless the Lord, O my soul, that I have been spared to accomplish this work. Do thou, O Lord, bless and prosper it to the good of many, and if it do good, may I give thee the glory, and take to myself the shame of its defects."

Her health continued so bad that, for a season, she was obliged to retire to Bath ; but soon returned again to her village labours, which she continued through much suffering and pain. She had lately commenced a school in a parish thirty miles from Cowslip Green, where, in addition to the great distance, and the ordinary difficulties of the undertaking, her cares and anxieties were much heightened by violent opposition. This she describes in one of her letters with her accustomed spirit, apparently not the least disheartened by a circumstance which would have put a fatal check to the work in the hands of almost any other person.

"The principal adversary," she says, "is a farmer of £1000 sterling a year. He has labored to ruin the poor curate, for favouring our cause, and declares that he shall never more have a workman that will obey him. But in spite of this hostility, which far exceeded any thing of the kind I ever met with, I am building a house, and taking up things on a large scale; so that you must not be surprised if I get into jail for debt. Providence, however, I trust, will carry me through the difficulties of this new undertaking. Already between three and four hundred are under a course of instruction. The worst part of the story is, that thirty miles is too great a distance these short days; and when we get there our house has neither doors nor windows; but if we live till next summer things will mend, and in so precarious a world as the present a winter is not to be lost."

This opposition was carried on with great rancour; and the more effectually to bring her into disrepute, and destroy her influence, her enemies prepared and published a history of her life, which was interspersed with false and detracting statements, and silly incidents. All this, however, did not damp her ardour, and she continued to go on successfully, regardless of the persecution she had to endure, and without comment or reply. This was undoubtedly her wisest course, and enabled her to go through a long life of public labours in the most responsible undertakings with comparatively few enemies, and without contention.

CHAPTER IX.

'Strictures on Female Education"—Testimonials of its worth—Character of the work—Public commendation of the bishop of London—Meets with great opposition from the curate of Blagdon—Persecution—Abandons one of her schools—Vindication of her character—Final triumph.

NOTWITHSTANDING Miss More's frequent turns of illness, and the arduous labours of superintending her parish schools, which now embodied nearly *two thousand persons* of different ages, and extended over an area of thirty or forty miles, she did not entirely neglect her pen. During the intervals of her ill health she had employed herself in writing a work which she sent to press early in the year 1799, under the title of "Strictures on the Modern System of Female Education," and which proved to be one of the most powerful engines which she ever employed against the fashionable follies of her time.

This admirable book met with the same kind reception from the public which her former productions had received. One of her correspondents, soon after its publication, estimated that it had been read by fifty thousand persons. She received from all quarters the most flattering testimonials of its worth, and had at least the gratification to know that it was extensively read among those classes for whose benefit in particular it had been written. One of her correspondents well observes:—"The subjects of

your several chapters are admirably chosen, and treated with a force of sentiment and language unequalled since the death of our great and pious Johnson. The vices, follies, and affectations of the times, how well described! Religion, how well understood and recommended!" The bishop of Llandaff says:—"Your publication is calculated to do much good. I have put it with great satisfaction into the hands of my daughters." The Rev. Mr. Newton, in his meek manner, thus expresses his approbation of it:—"I thank the Lord for disposing and enabling you to write it; and my heart prays that it may be much read, and that the blessing of the Lord may accompany the perusal." Mr. Cecil declared it to be "one of the most perfect works in all its parts that any century or country has produced.

That this excellent volume was not, however, valued above its deserts, we think all will acknowledge who have paid any attention to its instructive pages. She begins by describing the influence of female manners on society, in a way well calculated to stir up the attention of the reader, and then goes on to the importance of the subject of which she is about to treat. "If," she says, "the great business of education be to impart right ideas, to communicate useful knowledge, to form a correct taste and a sound judgment, to resist evil propensities, and, above all, to seize the favourable season for infusing principles and confirming habits; if education be a school to fit us for life, and life be a school

to fit us for eternity, it may then be worth inquiring how far these ends are likely to be effected by the prevailing system."

Well would it be if these great starting points were always recognized in our systems of education: if the efforts of the teacher, the guardian, or the parent were directed to better the heart, and implant a store of virtuous principles, to fortify it against the attacks of vice and the allurements of fashion and folly. "But, forgetting this," as Miss More well remarks, "do we not seem to educate our daughters exclusively for the transient period of youth, when it is to mature life that we ought to advert? Do we not educate them for a crowd, forgetting that they are to live at home? for the world and not for themselves? for time and not for eternity? Should we not reflect that it is our business to form Christians, at least as far as we have the power to do this, by the use of means? that we have to educate, not only rational, but accountable beings? Remembering this, should we not be solicitous to let our daughters learn of the well-taught, and associate with the well-bred? In training them should we not carefully cultivate intellect, implant religion, and cherish modesty? Then, whatever is engaging in manners would be the natural result of whatever is just in sentiment and correct in principle: softness would grow out of humility, and external delicacy would spring out of purity of heart; then the decorums, the proprieties, the elegancies, and even the graces, as far as they

are simple, pure, and honest, would follow as an almost inevitable result."

Miss More treats with just severity the idea of making mere accomplishments the chief object of education. "Does it," she asks, "seem to be the true end of education to make women dancers, singers, players, painters, sculptors, gilders, varnishers, engravers, embroiderers?" Such accomplishments, if so they may be called, have been forced upon the young by their misguided parents, with as much zeal as though they were to be called into requisition every day of their lives, while things really important are totally neglected. This abuse could not escape the attention of a writer so observing as Miss More, and she enlarges on it with peculiar force and clearness.

"The station of ladies," she says, "to which the bent of their instruction should be turned, is that of daughters, wives, mothers, and mistresses of families: they should be, therefore, trained with a view to these several conditions, and be furnished with a stock of ideas and principles, qualifications and habits, ready to be applied and appropriated, as occasion may demand, to each of these respective situations; for, though the arts which merely embellish must claim admiration, yet, when a man of sense comes to marry, it is a companion he wants, not an artist. It is not merely a creature who can paint, and play, and sing, and draw, and dress, and dance; it is a being who can comfort and counsel him; who can reason, and reflect,

and feel, and judge, and discourse, and discriminate; one who can assist him in his affairs, lighten his cares, soothe his sorrows, purify his joys, strengthen his principles, and educate his children."

The great duty, which Miss More so well understood, of instructing the poor and alleviating the hardships of their condition is not forgotten in her work. "The superintendence of the poor," she justly observes, "is a noble employment for ladies, and one for which they are peculiarly fitted; from their own habits of life, they are more intimately acquainted with domestic wants than the other sex; and, in certain instances of sickness and suffering, peculiar to their sex, they may be expected to have more sympathy. Let rich parents, then, be careful to train up their children to supply, by individual kindness, those cases of hardship which laws cannot reach."

But, in the brief limits which are allotted to us, we cannot give even the most summary view of this interesting volume. Miss More everywhere evinces the most perfect knowledge of her subject, and never overlooks, what no good system of education ever can overlook, the religious culture of the young. She regards time as a trust, which is not to be abused—as a talent, which is not to be lightly squandered—and for the improvement of which, we shall all be held accountable. She points out the vices into which the youthful mind is apt to be ensnared, and the errors of fond parents in allu-

ring their children into a love of worldly pride and fashion. In short, it is a most useful treatise, and one which can never be consulted by parents or children without benefit.

Her book, however admirable as it was in design and eloquent in execution, did not escape without censure. Archdeacon Danbury, a friend who had highly approved her former works, was greatly dissatisfied with it, on the ground of alleged puritanism, fanaticism, and Calvanism, and came out with a reply. Miss More might, with great ease, have refuted most of his positions; but she chose to remain silent, thus withholding the fuel which would have soon kindled up a glowing controversy. The consequence was that his attack was soon forgotten, while the strictures will long remain to be read and prized. Bishop Porteus, not long after, in a charge which he delivered to his clergy, thus vindicated her work by his sanction, and bore his testimony to the merits, not only of this, but of her other productions.

"The spirit of piety," he says, "excited by the productions of many able and excellent writers, is certainly very considerable; but by none more than by those of the highly approved Miss Hannah More, whose extraordinary and versatile talents can equally accommodate themselves to the cottage and the palace; who, while she is diffusing among the lower orders of the people an infinity of little religious tracts, calculated to reform and comfort them in this world and to save them in the next, is, at the same

time, applying all the powers of a vigorous and highly cultivated mind to the instruction, improvement, and delight of the most exalted of her own sex. I allude, more particularly, to her last work on female education, which contains such a fund of good sense, of wholesome counsel, of sagacious observation, of a knowledge of the world and the female heart, of high-toned morality and genuine Christian piety—and all this enlivened by such brilliancy of wit, such richness of imagery, such variety and felicity of allusion—such neatness and elegance of diction, as are not, I conceive, easily to be found so combined and blended together in any other work in the English language."

Soon after the publication of this volume Miss More was called to endure trials far more severe than any which she had yet suffered. The great prosperity of her schools, and the sensible effect which they had produced, in reforming and taming the rude and refractory, by bringing them under the mild and peaceful influences of the gospel, had induced the curate of Blagdon (Mr. Bere) to ask the establishment of a school in his parish. The request was, at first, denied. Miss More assured the applicant that neither her health, her time, nor her purse, would allow her to think of further enlarging her labours. The application was, however, renewed by a deputation from the churchwardens and overseers of the parish, and was pressed with such earnestness, that she was at length induced to waive her objections; and,

removing from one of her other schools an approved teacher, a rapid improvement soon rewarded her efforts. The usual Sunday readings were instituted—the poor adults as well as children resorted to them in crowds—the parish officers expressed their delight at the improved aspect of the place—and, for two or three years, things went on so well that the courts, for some time, were left "without prosecutor or prisoners—plaintiff or defendant."

But, in the midst of these very pleasing results, while Miss More was absent, she received from the curate, Mr. Bere, a letter, charging the schoolmaster with irregularities and disaffection to the Church, on account of some religious meetings which he had held with his pupils, and demanded his immediate dismission. She assured him, by letter, that the subject should have her early attention, immediately on her return; but this assurance was not satisfactory, and Mr. Bere wrote again, still more importunately, to the same purpose. Miss More, having great confidence in the master, did not think it right to dismiss him without a hearing; but, that the curate might have no just cause of complaint, she consented to have the affair settled, in her absence, by referring it to a neighbouring magistrate of Mr. Bere's acquaintance. But, greatly to her surprise, the curate positively refused; reiterating his demand solely on the grounds of his own representation. Under these circumstances she did not see fit to comply with his demand; but gave orders that the of-

fensive meetings, which the master had held, should be immediately discontinued.

From this time Mr. Bere became her most bitter and relentless foe. He charged her with fanaticism, with Calvinism, with Methodism, with disaffection to the Church, and stirred up a violent opposition against her, not only in his own neighbourhood, but throughout the country. It seemed to be his object to strike at and destroy her influence and to break up all her schools. Opposition from such a quarter was no light affair: the curate soon formed around him a party which, under the sanction of the Church, carried its persecution to the pitch of madness. Pamphlet after pamphlet was issued against her, containing the most false and malicious accusations, and representing her as guilty of all sorts of fanatical practices—from which no one on earth was ever more free—of teaching "heresy and sedition;" and, in one of the principal ones, it is asserted that *her writings ought to be burned by the common hangman.* The worst of all was that the bishop of the diocess (Dr. Bradon) had been so far influenced by all these misrepresentations, as to take part, in some measure, with the curate and to desire that the master should be dismissed.

Under these circumstances Miss More thought it prudent to break up the school; which was accordingly done, but without disarming the opposition which was levelled against her. Afterward she addressed a long letter to the bishop, taking a full view of the persecutions

which she had suffered, and explaining the motives which had influenced her throughout. "It is with deep regret," she says, "that I find myself compelled to trouble your lordship with this letter, though your known liberality gives me more courage in taking a step which, in any case, I should feel it my duty to take. For, however firm my resolution has been, never to answer any of the calumnies under which I have been so long suffering, yet, to your lordship, as my diocesan, I feel myself accountable for my conduct, attacked, as it has been, with a wantonness of cruelty, which, in civilized places, few persons, especially of my sex, have been called to suffer."

These reasons for entering into an explanation of her conduct to the bishop, are such as will strike the reader with due weight. Her admirable letter contains a clear exposition of the conspiracy against her, and must have produced a powerful effect upon his mind. How far she was from any thing like insubordination or disaffection to the Church, may be learned by the concluding paragraph of this very able letter. "And now, my lord," she says, "I come to what has been the ultimate object of this too tedious letter—a request to know what is your lordship's pleasure? I have too high an opinion of your wisdom and candour to suspect the equity of your determination. I know too well what I owe to the station you fill, to dispute your authority or to oppose your commands. If it be your will that my remaining schools shall

be abolished, I may lament your decision, but I will obey it. If I be not permitted to employ the short remnant of my life in being, in any small measure or degree, actively useful, I will, at least, set my accusers an example of obedience to those superiors whom the providence of God has set over me, and whom, next to him, I am bound to obey."

The bishop could not resist the plain statements and candid delineations of fact contained in this convincing letter. His reply was kind in the extreme; her schools were continued, and he became more decidedly her friend. But so long buffeting this sea of troubles had greatly worn upon her health and spirits, and it was many months before she entirely recovered her native elasticity of mind. In a letter to Mr. Wilberforce she says:—"In Blagdon is still a voice heard; lamentation and mourning; and at Cowslip Green Rachel is still weeping for her children, and refuses to be comforted, because they are not instructed. This heavy blow has almost bowed me to the ground, though I doubt not but that He who can bring real good out of much seeming evil, will eventually turn this shocking business to his glory." And again she writes, "My wounds are still fresh, and want much wine and oil; this your kind letters never fail to administer; but I strive to look for higher and better consolations, and that these may be granted me, I am persuaded I have your prayers."

What a consolation is religion under such

severe trials! To know that amidst all the scoffs of the world we have a "friend that sticketh closer than a brother," an advocate who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities, robs calumny at once of half its stings. This consolation Miss More enjoyed, and she was not disappointed in putting her trust in him "who knows our frame, who remembers that we are but dust." A very short period served to bring all her enemies into disgrace, and to elevate her still higher in the affections of the public. Unanswered slander dies for want of food; a life of virtue vindicates itself; and purity of motive seldom fails to be finally appreciated. At least it was so in the case of Miss More. Her friends took up her cause with an earnestness which abashed all opposition. The neighbouring clergy made a public declaration in her favour, and the great kindness and attention which she soon received from all quarters silenced the tongue of slander. "I cannot," says Martha, writing to one of her sisters from Fulham palace, "express to you the very marked attentions which are paid to Hannah from all ranks and descriptions of people; they say such a persecution of such a woman is unexampled. Sunday, as we were sitting at breakfast, an old lady was announced; many rose to greet her, but she hobbled through them all to Hannah, whom she fervently kissed; I presently found it was Lady Elgin." Thus was the malice of her foes turned into blessings on her head.

CHAPTER X

Barley Wood—Publishes a complete edition of her works—Sickness—State of her mind—Publishes "Hints toward Forming the Character of a Young Princess"—Its character—New attacks of illness.

Miss More had been for some time desirous of removing into a house the dimensions of which should be better suited to that hospitality which her large circle of friends now enjoined; and a piece of ground having been offered her about a mile from Cowslip Green, which was singularly picturesque and beautiful, and well located for a dwelling, she concluded to purchase it: and immediately set about erecting a comfortable mansion, upon which she bestowed much taste, and formed around it a delightful territory, planted and disposed to suit that love of rural scenes which she always manifested Miss More took possession of her new abode in 1802, and her sisters being much delighted with the spot, and finding the building sufficiently ample for their accommodation, disposed of their house at Bath, and took up their residence with Hannah, at Barley Wood.

Miss More had always longed for a retired spot where her intercourse with the world would be but limited, and where she could in quiet enjoy her solitude; such she had hoped to find Cowslip Green. But retirement to one of her talents and social disposition was utterly impossible. The world flowed in upon her

from every quarter, in spite of the obscurity of her situation; and it is not in the nature of woman, kind-hearted and gentle as she is, to look coldly upon her admirers. But, besides, most of her visiters resorted to her for improvement and counsel, and under such circumstances she could not certainly find it in her heart to treat them coldly. In her letters she complains much of the interruptions of society, of unprofitable calls, of worldly company, interruptions to which every person in her situation is necessarily exposed, but to which she was more particularly liable on account of her numerous friends; the sympathy felt on account of her recent trials; the high estimate placed upon her judgment; her social qualities; and her peculiar fitness to give religious instruction. Barley Wood, therefore, was seldom free from visiters. All were sure of a kind, hospitable reception, and to all was she accessible.

About the time of removing to Barley Wood, Miss More prepared and published a complete edition of all her works, accompanied by a preface written with great ability; in which she sets forth her object, and the design she has in view in coming before the public in this new form. "These scattered pieces," she remarks, "besides that they have been suffered to pass through successive editions with little or no correction, were, in their original appearance, of all shapes and sizes, and utterly unreducible to any companionable form;" and with characteristic modesty she adds:—"May I be permit-

ted to declare that at no period of my life did I ever feel such unfeigned diffidence at the appearance of even the smallest pamphlet, as I now feel at sending this, perhaps too voluminous collection, into the world."

The sense of responsibility under which she now published is well set forth in another part of this preface:—"I am not," she says, "insensible to human estimation: to the approbation of the wise and the good, I have been perhaps too sensible: but I check myself in the indulgence of this dangerous pleasure, by recollecting that the hour is fast approaching when no human verdict, of whatever authority in itself, and however favourable to its object, will avail any thing, if not crowned with the acquittal of that Judge in whose power is life eternal. Every emotion of vanity dies away, every swelling of ambition subsides, before the consideration of this solemn responsibility: and though I would ever pay all due deference to the opinion of private critics, and of the public, yet my anxiety with respect to the sentence of both is considerably diminished by the reflection that, not the writings, but the *writer*, will soon be called to another tribunal, to be judged on far other grounds than those on which the decisions of literary statutes are framed; a tribunal at which the sentence passed will depend on far other causes than the neglect of the rules of composition."

Miss More had scarcely entered her new habitation when she was attacked with still

more serious indisposition, which confined her for some weeks. Amidst all her sufferings, however, she sought relief in Him who alone was able to grant her comfort of body, or peace of mind. At the commencement of 1803 she says in her journal:—"I again resolve, O Lord, to commence the year with a solemn dedication of myself to thee: thine I am; I am not my own; thou hast bought me with a price. Let me henceforth live to him who loved me, and gave himself for me. Sanctify to me, Lord, my long and heavy trials; remove them not till they have answered those ends they were sent to accomplish."

She was very much disposed to improve every dispensation of Providence to her spiritual good. In a letter to a friend about the same time she thus seriously writes:—"My old friend Lady Aylesbury is gone. Cadell, with whom I set out twenty-eight years ago in a literary connection, is also gone. He, very healthy, taken; I, very sickly, spared. Owen, Cambridge, Bennett, Langton, all lately dead; besides numbers of others, less noted, but younger and more promising, who have been dropping on the right hand and on the left. Yet," she adds, "how hard is it to bring the mind seriously, earnestly, and practically, to prepare for one's own call!" In her journal a little while after she writes:—"Heard to-day of new attacks from the old quarter; Lord grant that I may bear this with holy resignation. May these trials lead me to look to Him who, when he

was reviled, reviled not again; who endured the contradiction of sinners against himself."

Such was her constant indisposition at this time that she was seldom able to attend public worship, which was a great grief to her. "Formerly," she writes, "I was glad when they said unto me, 'Let us go up into the house of the Lord;' now I endeavour to submit cheerfully to be detained by sickness; yet it is a great hindrance to spiritual improvement." And after a long season of confinement to her room, on being permitted once more to appear in the courts of the Lord's house, she thus acknowledges the privilege:—"By the great favour and goodness of God I have been enabled this day to go to church. Adored be thy holy name."

Miss More frequently alludes in her letters to meeting the Princess Charlotte of Wales, whom she represents as an interesting and sprightly child. In one of these letters she says she is "the prettiest, most sensible, and genteel little creature you would wish to see." This little princess was the heir presumptive to the British crown, and having now arrived at a suitable age, his late majesty, George III., and his royal consort, [her grandparents] were anxious to adopt for her the best course of instruction that could be devised. The subject was one of national concern, and the king and queen having expressed to the bishop of London their high approbation of Miss More's book on Female Education, the bishop lost no

time in suggesting to Miss More the propriety of writing a work on the course of education proper for the princess; and strongly urged her to the task. She at first objected; but the bishop having convinced her that it was a duty she owed the nation, she reluctantly undertook it.

The composition of this work kept her closely employed until the spring of 1805, when it was published in two volumes, bearing the modest title of "Hints toward Forming the Character of a Young Princess." As no tutor was employed at the time she commenced the work, it has been supposed that she had some expectation of being selected to that important trust. Whether this was so or not, it is known that she suspended the work on the appointment being made, thinking that it might be deemed impertinent, or an interference to undertake to direct one so learned as the bishop of Exeter, who was the person selected. After some scruples the work was resumed with the design of meeting these objections by publishing anonymously, and inscribing the work to the bishop himself.

Accordingly the work appeared without her name, and the dedication was so complimentary as entirely to pacify the bishop for any undue intrusion upon the duties of his office. She transmitted him copies for himself, for the king and queen, and for the prince and princess of Wales, which were duly acknowledged; the bishop all the time supposing the author to have been a gentleman. "Sir," he writes, "I return

you my best thanks for the very high degree of pleasure and satisfaction the perusal of your excellent performance, 'Hints for a Young Princess,' has given me. The world will soon, I am confident, be as anxious to know as I am, to whom we are all indebted for so useful a work." Soon after he added the following:—"The bishop of Exeter has the pleasure to inform the author of 'Hints for a Young Princess,' that he has had the honor of presenting copies of that excellent work to the king and queen, and to the prince and princess of Wales. The queen has read the work, and declared her approbation of it."

The work had a rapid sale, and was so generally ascribed to the pen of Miss More that she thought it affectation longer to attempt concealment: she therefore addressed a letter to the bishop of Exeter, acknowledging the authorship. The bishop thanked her both for the disclosure and for the work, though it seems he had not been without his suspicions that the book was hers; for he says:—"At the time I addressed my two notes to the author, I had a very strong inclination to address them to the *authoress*." And again:—"When I had the honour of seeing the queen a few days since, her majesty, after saying many things in commendation of the new work, asked me if I knew who the author of it was. I replied that I certainly could not take upon me to say; but from strong internal evidence, I had great reason to believe that Miss Hannah More was the person

to whom we were indebted for this excellent book."

The work appears to have created some sensation, and to have been generally read among the higher classes. "It was," says one of her biographers, "gratefully received as a seasonable publication on a very important subject, and its merits were highly and most deservedly appreciated. Though designed principally for the royal pupil, it abounds with useful lessons of instruction for the young of all classes, but especially of those among the higher ranks. As a complete system of education, it was liable to exception. It would have been better had it been less political and less voluminous. It was hastily, though not negligently written, and there are some instances of tautology which would not probably have been allowed to remain had she given it her careful revision. But," he adds, "the distinguishing excellence of these volumes consists in their decided reference to Christian principles. The author never allows the reader to forget that of all subjects religion is the most important; and that Christianity is the only basis of religion."

During the summer of 1805 we find Miss More spending some time among her friends. With the families of Bishop Porteus, Lord Teignmouth, Mr. Thornton, and Mr. Wilberforce, she passed several weeks. Her persecutions had greatly multiplied her friends, and enlarged her acquaintance; many hitherto unknown to her being desirous of giving her

proofs of their high regard. In October she suffered another severe indisposition, and on her recovery took up with renewed energy the improvement of her schools. By her constant exposure in this work she again brought on an alarming attack of illness which confined her to a sick bed for several weeks, and from which her friends despaired of her recovery. It pleased God, however, again to raise her up and strengthen her for renewed labours. Her health, nevertheless, continued very feeble for some time. Writing to Sir W. W. Pepys, in December 1808, she says:—"I have not yet recovered any thing like health. I am in almost constant pain; my nights are frequently bad; and I am almost totally confined to the house. Yet," she says, "I have so many mercies, I have such a pleasant prison, would you could see it! my fever is gone, my spirits are not bad."

And yet amidst all these sufferings, her great correspondence, her annual visits to her most intimate friends, her constant interruptions by visits—it is astonishing how much this excellent woman accomplished. Her mind seems not to have lost its buoyancy for any length of time, but was ever active in producing something to improve and better the condition of her species. What a reproof to the thousands of sluggish souls who, blessed with talents, time health, and acquirements, spend their lives in useless inactivity, and when at last death overtakes them, first wake up to the appalling reflection that they have lived to no purpose.

CHAPTER XI.

Death of the bishop of London—Writes "Cœlebs in Search of a Wife"—Publishes "Cœlebs"—Great sale—Character of the work—Plot of "Cœlebs"—"Cœlebs" attacked—Miss More's feelings under these attacks.

Among the friends of Miss More none had proved more ardent in attachment, more faithful in prosperity and in adversity, in sickness and in health, than that excellent prelate, the bishop of London. Amidst all her sore trials he had stood by her with the fidelity of a father. He had encouraged her charitable and literary efforts. He had called forth her talents in vindication of Christianity and practical piety. He had publicly and privately recommended her works. In short he had proved one of those ready, judicious counsellors, and steady, untiring, and devoted friends, for whom we feel at once the love and reverence we should feel to a parent.

The days of this good man were now drawing to a close. His decay was very gentle and gradual, and he seems to have passed out of time with the same peace and cheerfulness which had accompanied him through it. A few months before his death he visited Barley Wood, where he spent several days in much languor of body, but with that placid cheerfulness of mind with which the Christian so often awaits his last great change. As he approached the termination of his career his mind yielded in some measure to the infirmities of his body,

but his thoughts were still bent on doing something for the glory of God. Having heard of the institution of a club under the patronage of the prince of Wales, which held its meetings on the sabbath, he immediately determined, aged and feeble as he was, to remonstrate with this royal personage on the impropriety and sinfulness of the course. In the enfeebled state of his body and mind, the effort was a great one, and he addressed a note to Miss More, without stating his designs, asking her prayers. "I am," he says, "in great difficulties and distress. My great hope and resource is, what I have always had recourse to in such cases, prayer. Give me then your frequent and fervent prayers, and I shall hope for that most powerful protection of a gracious Providence which I am convinced has never failed in similar cases."

With such feelings he reached the residence of the prince, asked an audience, and, supported by two faithful servants, he entered the apartment, where, with agitated earnestness, he entreated him not thus to desecrate God's holy day. The prince was much affected, and promised that his request should be granted. On which he again addressed Miss More with this brief line, written May 5, 1809:—"My dear Miss More, prayer has had its usual effect, and all is now perfectly right." This was the last line she received from him: in about two weeks after he was called to his reward, being in the 78th year of his age. His last hours are thus described by Mrs. Kennicott:—"On Friday he

was brought to Fulham. When he entered the great hall he exclaimed, 'I thank God for permitting me to come once more to this place!' The next morning he said the air refreshed him, and spoke of the beauty of the lawn. He was carried down to dinner, and soon after was seized with something like a convulsion, was taken to the sofa, received a cordial, fell into a quiet sleep for three hours, and only just opened his eyes to close them again for ever."

Thus died this excellent prelate who, in his private and public walks, presented an example of zeal and urbanity, dignity and humility, decision and candour, seldom combined in one character. To Miss More, who had so often been the partaker of his kindness and hospitality, and who had spent the month of May with him for about twenty years, the stroke was very heavy.

She had been for some time engaged in writing a work entitled "Cœlebs in Search of a Wife," but so affected was she by the death of her friend, that she could not proceed. In reply to Mrs Kennicott, who had announced the melancholy news, she says:—"After reading your most interesting letter once, I was obliged to put it away for several days before I could acquire fortitude to read it again." As a token of his regard the bishop bequeathed to Miss More one hundred pounds, which she appropriated in erecting to his memory, at Barley Wood, an urn, on which was inscribed the following brief memento:—

"TO BEILBY PORTEUS,
LATE LORD BISHOP OF LONDON,
IN MEMORY OF
LONG AND FAITHFUL FRIENDSHIP.
1809."

As soon as Miss More sufficiently recovered herself after the death of the bishop, she resumed the composition of "Cœlebs," which was brought out in two volumes octavo, in December, 1809, without her name, and indeed without intrusting her secret even to those very few friends who had usually been in her confidence on similar occasions. But notwithstanding this disadvantage, it excited such immediate and universal attention, that she received, in a very few days, notice to prepare for a second edition; and before this edition could be put to press, and in less than a fortnight from the first appearance of the work, it was out of print. In nine months it passed through no less than eleven successive editions, and the last was soon followed by another, yielding her a profit of about $10,000. In the United States the sale was little less rapid, Miss More having lived to see thirty editions published, of one thousand copies each.

For some time she continued to maintain her secresy with great success, receiving from time to time letters from her intimate friends desiring her by all means to read "Cœlebs," and describing to her great amusement the different

characters which figured in the work, praising its sentiments, and commending its tendency. Others, however, more penetrating, fixed the authorship on her at once, and without scruple. But it was not till the work had passed through several editions that she was constrained to acknowledge herself its author.

"Cœlebs in Search of a Wife," is a book which has been much read, which will long continue to be read, and which well deserves to be read. It was designed to show, through the agreeable medium of an attractive story, that religion might be brought into all the concerns of ordinary life, without at all impairing its activity, and without rendering its possessor less cheerful or agreeable. This object was accomplished best in the mode adopted: and it cannot be doubted that the true picture which Miss More has drawn, of the beneficial and kindly influences of religion in regulating the temper and bettering the heart, has caused thousands to fall in love with piety and virtue who otherwise could have never felt their benign influence. Important lessons on domestic subjects, intellectual attainments, social virtues, and especially on religion and morals, are here inculcated, or rather acted before the reader, in a manner so agreeable that he cannot fail to fall in love with them.

The incidents of the story are briefly these: A young gentleman descended from an opulent family, educated and intelligent, is, soon after leaving the university, bereft of his excellent

father, who had enjoined it upon him not to form a matrimonial connection until he had consulted Mr. Stanley, an intimate and pious friend residing in another part of the kingdom. Soon after the death of his father he also loses his pious mother, who had given him much excellent instruction, by which he could not fail to profit. Feeling the want of a companion, the young man begins to look around him for that purpose, and makes a visit to London, among the highly respectable families with which his father was acquainted. As he sets out he remarks:—"My motive for performing this journey is, that I may select a deserving *companion* for life. In such a companion, I said to myself, as I drove along in my post-chaise, I do not want a Helen, a Saint Cecilia, or a Madame Doucier. Yet she must be elegant, or I should not love her; sensible, or I should not respect her; prudent, or I could not confide in her; well informed, or she could not educate my children; well bred, or she could not entertain my friends; consistent, or I should offend the shade of my mother; pious, or I should not be happy with her, because the prime comfort in a companion for life, is the delightful hope that she will be a companion for eternity."

With his standard fixed thus high, Cœlebs passes a few days in different families, where he observes all the follies and vices of society, in a manner that evinces great knowledge of mankind in the writer. He is struck with the

faults of education, the ignorance, the want of principle, the want of religion, which he finds in most of these families: and after passing through a great variety of scenes, he visits the residence of Mr. Stanley, the gentleman whom his father had enjoined him to consult. He found here a kind and affectionate family, the parents pious, the children educated, the house orderly, no attempt at display, no undue attention to fashion or vain accomplishments; but all wise, elegant, neat, social; and finally forms an attachment for the eldest daughter, and marries her, which turns out in the sequel to have been the object and desire of his father.

The great popularity of this work did not exempt it from attack. A Roman Catholic priest assailed Miss More with great bitterness, on account of a brief passage which he thought levelled against the church to which he belonged. Miss More wrote him a short reply, in which she says:—"Reverend sir, it has been my lot to be frequently attacked. It has been my practice never to defend myself. I should not now have troubled you with an answer did I not feel it necessary to correct the misapprehension on which you ground your resentment." She then goes on to explain her meaning in the offensive passage, and adds, "I have no motive in this brief answer but to express my concern if I have offended against Christian charity, and to ask your pardon if I have unintentionally offended a man of piety and learning. On cool reflection I think you

will not be altogether satisfied with the harshness of your letter." She was mistaken; the priest persisted in his opinions, and she dropped the matter.

But "Cœlebs" was assailed in several other quarters, especially in one of the reviews, where the writer warns the bishop "that it was intended to overturn the church, and that the deepest mischief lurks in every page." These attacks, however, caused Miss More little uneasiness. "With what delight," she says, in a letter to a friend, "do I turn from these petty grievances to the information you give me of the flourishing state of religion in your neighbourhood: this is indeed a cause of thankfulness. Pray for me, my dear sir, that I may be more detached from the world, more spiritually-minded, less engrossed by the things of time and sense, which my judgment despises, but which absorb too much of those affections which are due only to eternal things."

In such a frame of mind the censures or praises of the world were not likely to make a very deep impression upon her. Indeed she seems to have laboured so exclusively for the promotion of virtue and piety that, although not insensible to her literary reputation, yet she regarded it as of little importance compared with the accomplishment of the one great object which she had in view. It must, therefore, have been a great satisfaction to Miss More to receive, as she did, almost daily, testimonials of the benefits which had resulted from her

literary labours, accompanied as they were with pressing entreaties that she would, if health and leisure permitted, favour the world with some other productions of her pen.

CHAPTER XII.

"Practical Piety"—Character of the work—Journey to Staffordshire—"Christian Morals"—Remarks on the work—Death of Miss Mary More—Visits Lady Sparrow and other friends.

In the autumn of 1810 Miss More commenced writing another ethical work, which was put to press early in the spring of 1811, and soon after appeared in two volumes bearing the title of "Practical Piety, or the Influence of the Religion of the Heart on the Conduct of the Life." This work was announced with her name, and the first edition was all bespoken before it had passed through the press, and it soon ran on to a tenth. Its objects and character are well expressed in the title. It was an effort to divest religion of the abstractions with which it had become incumbered, and connect it with the practical duties of life. It is divided into chapters, most of which are on different subjects: all of which are, however, important, and treated with that ability, and written in that animated and spirited style which throws around them the peculiar fascinations of the author's gifted mind. Mr. Taylor, one of her biographers, justly observes that "although there are

passages which might have been improved by a careful revision, yet the figures are beautiful, and happily chosen, the sentiments purely evangelical, the appeals powerfully awakening, the motives for persevering in a course of piety, Scriptural, well selected, and forcibly applied. "No one," he adds, "could read the work without deriving from it much benefit; and to the Christian mourner, struggling with difficulties which he feels unable to surmount, many of the chapters are peculiarly adapted."

Miss More, with the humility which ever belongs to the truly pious, felt her own unworthiness to such a degree that she was anxious to have the reader understand that she did not set herself up as an example of those high attainments which she claimed in her book to be the privilege of the Christian. In her preface she says:—"An eminent professor of our own time modestly declared that he taught chymistry in order that he might learn it: the writer of the following pages might offer with far more justice a similar declaration, as an apology for so frequently treating on the important topics of religion and morals. Abashed by the equitable precept,

'Let those teach others who themselves excel,'

she is aware how fully she is putting it in the power of the reader to ask, in the searching words of an eminent prelate 'They that speak thus, and advise thus, do they act thus?' She can defend herself in no other way than by

adopting for a reply the words of the same venerable divine, 'O that it were not too true!'"

This excellent work which aimed at nothing less than raising the standard of Christianity above the mere forms into which it had fallen, especially in the Established Church, appears to have been written under no very favourable circumstances. Miss More's health, never good, had, as she advanced in life, become much enfeebled, and her frequent attacks of illness left her but short seasons of even comparatively good health. In a letter to Sir W. Pepys, after thanking him for his good opinion of her work, she adds:—"It is nothing to the public that it was written in constant pain, and in such a hurry that it was very little longer in writing than in printing. But life is short; mine is particularly uncertain, and I had persuaded myself that it was better to bring it out in a defective state than not at all." In the same letter she defends herself against a charge of too great strictness of principle, which some had urged as an objection to her writings:—"I am not," she says, "aware of that excessive strictness, of which your pious friends complain. The gospel is strict. The cutting off a right hand, and plucking out a right eye, though only used as metaphors, are surely more strict than any thing I have said."

In the autumn of 1811 Miss More paid a visit to Mr Gisborne, in Staffordshire, where she spent about a month very agreeably. She thus describes the incidents of the visit in a letter to

Mrs. King:—"You will be surprised to hear what a rambler I have been. I, who never reckoned on going again out of my own little circle, took courage the beginning of August to set out with Patty on a long-promised visit. to our excellent friend Mr. Gisborne, at his forest in Staffordshire. The forest indeed is destroyed, with which I was disposed to be dissatisfied. But when I saw near ten thousand acres of yellow harvest, when I saw a beautiful new church erected, and a handsome parsonage built and endowed, and my admirable friend preaching to a good congregation, in a place so lately the shelter of thieves, and poachers, [game-stealers,] and vagabonds, I gave up my romance in favour of such solid improvements. Mr. Gisborne and some other gentlemen still possess a beautiful piece of forest about their respective habitations. Mr. G. spends his large fortune in a most liberal manner. His establishment is large, and his manner of living elegantly hospitable. We had an excellent society in the house, which is the abode of talents, piety, and benevolence. We staid a month with our friends at Yoxall, and then crossed the country to visit some old acquaintances at Shrewsbury, whence we took a peep into North Wales, and visited the celebrated ladies of Llangollen Vale. With the vale and the ladies we were much delighted. We paid a visit in our way home to your valuable friend the bishop of Gloucester, who received us most kindly."

In the early part of 1813 "Practical Piety"

was followed by another work of the same class, entitled "Christian Morals." It was composed during a season of great bodily infirmity, as she informs us in one of her letters, and under the impression that her day of labour was almost spent. "Having been confined six months," she says, "out of eight since Christmas, and foreseeing, or rather knowing that I have not many Christmases to expect, I was willing to turn my imprisonment to some little account, and have been writing some more *last words.* The book is to be called "Christian Morals." I do not talk of it, except to one or two particular friends, because I do not like to have it discussed, and to be questioned before hand. Whether it is worth finishing I hardly know, but Providence sometimes works by poor weak instruments." In relation to another cause which impeded the progress of the work, she says:—"If I had expected to be so overwhelmed with company, I believe I should have gone from home to write more at leisure; but it is now too late in the season. We had nineteen persons here yesterday, of whom I did not know six. I have, however, had much pleasure in seeing some old friends, H. Bowdler last week, and on another day Mrs. Barbauld, an acquaintance of forty years. I greatly admire her talents and taste; but our views, both religious and political, run so very wide of each other, that I lose the great pleasure that might otherwise be found in her society, which is very intellectual."

Notwithstanding the disadvantage under which she laboured in the composition of this work, it was written in her best style, and was considered by her as superior to its predecessor "Its chief excellence, however," says one, whose opinion we have elsewhere quoted, "consists in the correct delineations of the human heart, with which it everywhere abounds. In almost every page proofs are given of the writer's intimate acquaintance with this important branch of knowledge. Her remarks were evidently the result, not so much of the knowledge she had collected from books, though she had read very extensively, and to excellent purpose, as of the accurate observations she had made of the workings of her own mind and of the minds of others. She had evidently studied human nature most closely; and so truly does she describe its corrupt workings, that one can hardly peruse any chapter of the work without benefit. An impression rests on the reader's mind of self-dissatisfaction, and yet of cordial esteem for the writer, through whose pen it has been produced; because a full conviction forces itself upon him that the writer's object in composing the work was to promote the best interests of the human race. Literary reputation, it is easily discovered, was not made the supreme, but the subordinate object. To please the fancy it is clear was not her aim, but to benefit the soul."

Soon after the publication of this work Miss More was called to mourn the loss of her eldest

sister, Miss Mary More. She had been for some time declining under the weight of years and disease, and on Easter Sunday, the 18th of April, 1813, crowned a most useful and active life by a peaceful and happy death. This was the first breach which had been made in the family circle of these pious sisters, who had during many years been supported and encouraged by each other in all their acts of benevolence and usefulness. The separation was painful, but under such circumstances the Christian has consolations to which the world is a stranger. His hope is indeed an anchor to the soul. Confident of a glorious immortality, death is swallowed up in victory; the separation to him is but temporary, and he looks forward to the time when the social intercourse shall be renewed, where neither pain, nor sorrow, nor death shall ever come—"where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

It was this well-assured hope, that death was to the deceased eternal gain, which sustained the survivors under their affliction. Miss More thus alludes to the event in one of her letters written a few days after:—"The solemn scene is closed. My dear eldest sister is escaped from this world of sin, and is I trust, through the mercies of her God and the merits of her Saviour, translated to a world of peace, where there will be neither sin, sorrow, nor separation. Her desire to be gone was great. We had all of us the melancholy satisfaction to see her breathe her last. I thought it something blessed

to die on Easter Sunday, to descend to the grave on the anniversary day when Jesus had triumphed over it. It is pleasant to see death without its terrors. We visit the cold remains many times a day, and I am dividing my morning between the contemplation of her serene countenance and reading my favourite book, 'Baxter's Saint's Rest.'" This excellent woman thus peacefully took her departure in the 76th year of her age.

During the summer Miss More, notwithstanding the feeble state of her health, accepted a pressing invitation from Lady Sparrow to visit her at her seat in Huntingdonshire. But she reached the residence of her friend only to keep her apartment under a fresh attack of illness which unfitted her for society during the greater part of the month that she remained there. Having partially recovered she proceeded into Kent with the intention of paying a visit to Lord Barham, an old and much-valued Christian friend. In her way, however, she stopped to spend a few days with Mr. Henry Hoare, at Mitcham, where she had been but a short time when she heard of the death of Lord Barham. She thus alludes to this journey and to the death of her friend, in a letter to Mrs. King. "After having spent thirty-five winters in London, I have never ventured thither since my last great illness; and indeed I had entirely renounced any idea of another long journey. I was, however, induced by my delightful friend, Lady Olivia Sparrow, to make her a visit at her seat

in Huntingdonshire. Our enjoyment was a good deal impaired by my being severely ill for a fortnight. When I grew better I yielded to the entreaties of my dear old friend Lord Barham, to extend my journey to Kent, to pay him a last visit. Patty and I set out, and were within twenty miles of Barham Court when the news of his unexpected death stopped us short. It was an awful and instructive lesson. We spent a few days with Mr. Wilberforce, but I did not venture to enter London. I had too many friends there, and was afraid of the bustle, late hours, &c."

In a letter to Lady Sparrow she describes the remainder of the journey, alluding in very pathetic language to the remembrance of former days. "Though we were obliged," she says, "to drive through Hyde Park, I kept my resolution of not entering London. We took Strawberry Hill in our way, and spent one night with Lady Waldegrave, who was as thankful for our short visit as if we had conferred on her some mighty obligation. She was more cheerful than usual. That well-known spot recalled to my mind a thousand recollections, partly pleasing, but more painful. The same feelings were excited in us as we called afterward at Mrs. Garrick's, (we did not find her.) The library, the lawn, the temple of Shakspeare, all of which I *would* see for the last time. What wit, what talents, what vivacity, what friendship have I enjoyed at both these places! Where are they now? I have been mercifully spared

to see the vanity and emptiness of every thing that is not connected with eternity; and seeing this, how heavy will my condemnation be if I do not lay it to heart! We had a good journey home, and the comfort of finding all pretty well, and our little spot blooming as Eden."

CHAPTER XIII.

The parish schools—Other acts of benevolence—Observations—Writes her "Essay on the Character of St. Paul"—Accident endangering her life—Publication of "St. Paul"—Observations.

THE reader must not suppose that Miss More, although oppressed with sickness and enfeebled by age, had abandoned her care of the parish schools, which had for so long a time occupied a large share of her attention. On the contrary they continued to be the object of her solicitude, and were blessed with increasing success. Many of the difficulties which she had to encounter in the outset on account of incompetent teachers, had been obviated by supplying the schools with instructers educated under her own eye, and whose solid and useful qualities had been tested for a series of years. The opposition, too, which she had met with in almost every parish, had gradually yielded, as the beneficial tendency of her efforts became obvious, and a large tract of country hitherto in-

volved in great spiritual darkness, had been redeemed from gross ignorance and superstition, and taught the way of salvation. The schools were always full, and the most unfavourable weather seldom prevented an attendance at the evening readings, which were still kept up with great advantage. The benefit clubs had also become an object of eager desire, the funds having accumulated to a considerable amount. But the attention bestowed upon these benevolent objects did not prevent Miss More from administering consolation to friends in difficult or afflicting circumstances, counselling those who resorted to her for advice and instruction, aiding many benevolent objects, and cultivating a closer and more intimate union with her Saviour.

Among those who resorted to her for counsel and aid, were many young clergymen, to whom her house and her heart were always open. Of this class many were in indigent circumstances, and unable to procure those books which were so necessary in entering upon the duties of the sacred profession, and their wants were frequently supplied with a liberal hand from her own library; and in many instances she furnished them with religious periodicals for a series of years. She also made it a rule never to delay answering applications for advice or instruction made by letter, and this being known caused a great increase to her correspondence, already too burdensome, and laid her open to incessant interruptions; still she perse-

vered, declaring that these continual crossings taught her how great was the sacrifice of Him who spared not his own life for the good of his rebellious creatures.

It had been the anxious desire of Miss More, during a great part of her life, so to exhibit religion, both in her life and by her writings, as to cause it to be loved and admired by the higher classes of society. She seems to have imagined that much of the influence of Christianity had been lost by its professed adherents keeping too much aloof from the people of the world, and by too great an austerity of life, by which they caused their good to be evil spoken of. Miss More had used her utmost exertions to correct these impressions, and to a certain extent was successful. Most of her earlier works, together with "Cœlebs," were written with this leading object, and certainly if any person could be successful, she would have been the one: but she found at last that the world would love only its own, that the carnal mind was enmity against God, and would not be subject to his law. No one ever merited the world's regard more than she did. With it she had freely mingled; to its improvement she had devoted her days and her nights, the flower of her youth, the vigour of meridian life, and the maturity of age; yet no sooner did she insist on the strictness and purity enjoined by the gospel, than she found that the antipathy of the carnal mind to true piety was still unchanged; that there was the same deep and abiding hatred

to the doctrines of the gospel now that marked its early introduction. "We see in the case of Hannah More," says a pious clergyman of her own day, "that every attempt to gain and secure the world's favour is utterly vain, if you support real religion, and act upon it yourself. Look at her genius, popularity, influence, and her innocence of every thing which can disgust mankind, and see what treatment religion will ever meet with from the world."

It is even so: the spirit of the world is utterly incompatible with the spirit of Christianity, and so Miss More found it. Notwithstanding her scrupulous care never to transcend any of the proprieties of life under the most rigid construction either in her life or writings, she had been assailed as a fanatic, a Methodist, a ranter, and set down among the most puritanical and austere professors of the Christian faith. These things had opened her eyes, and she now saw how utterly futile it was to court the friendship of the world any further than to retain her influence in society, and thus enable her still to be, in the language of the apostle, all things to all men, that she might gain the more. In her later works she had, therefore, assumed a bolder tone, and had pointed out with great ability the strictness of the gospel requirements, and the narrowness of the way which leads to everlasting life.

In pursuing this path Miss More had for some time been engaged in another work, to which she was led by her reflections on the

conversion and subsequent character of St Paul, which she justly regarded as one of the finest illustrations on record of the practical effects of Christianity. The work was begun in 1814, and occupied her at intervals until the following year, when it was published in two volumes. While engaged on this work she met with an accident which had well nigh put a dreadful termination to her life and labours. She had retired to her apartment, locked the door, and seated herself at her table by the fire, when in the act of reaching across the fire-place to a book-shelf, the corner of her shawl caught fire, and before she was conscious of the accident she was enveloped in flames. Her cries brought her speedy assistance, however, and the fire was soon extinguished; the injury did not prove very serious, though Miss Roberts, who had rendered her this timely assistance, burnt her hands severely, and Miss More was also considerably burned. The event made a deep impression upon her mind, and caused her often to exclaim, in the language of Scripture: —"When thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." In a letter to Mrs. Kennicott she thus adverts to the accident:—"I consider myself a monument of God's mercy, as I was one sheet of flame before any help arrived. Another moment, it is supposed, would have rendered the flame inextinguishable. Many trifling circumstances which appear to have been providentially directed, contributed to my

preservation. Being confined with a bad cold, I had that day only put on a thick stuff gown, which, however, was burnt through the back and sleeves; the day before I wore a muslin gown: I had also on at the time three shawls; the one next me was reduced almost to tinder before it could be got off; of the others little is left. It was in heroically tearing off these, and taking me, flaming as I was, as if I had been an infant, and laying me on the carpet, that Miss Roberts burnt her hands so terribly. They were healed, however, sooner than my slight wounds, which are now healed also. What a warning was this visitation to keep prepared for a sudden call! Yet I fear that I do not turn it to a proper account."

This event, together with a flood of congratulatory letters on her escape, and a multitude of visiters, which the circumstance brought to Barley Wood, slightly delayed the appearance of her forthcoming essay. "You inquire," she says in a letter to Lady Sparrow, "after St. Paul; he is in progress, but his course is much interrupted by the multitude of letters I receive daily, not from friends, those are refreshing, but from strangers: many of them impertinent applications; not a few of which duty and conscience oblige me to answer, though I am a poor casuist." These letters, which were the subject of complaint, contained applications from persons mostly unknown to her, for her opinion on disputed questions of ethics and speculative faith; matters in which Miss More

took but little delight, and the applications were therefore a great annoyance to her.

Another cause of delay was an application from her publishers to make some addition to her sacred dramas, the copy-right of which had expired, and other booksellers were availing themselves of the circumstance to their injury. She says:—"I have lived so long that my legal right to 'Sacred Dramas' is extinct, or rather that of Cadell and Davis, to whom I had sold the copy. They wrote in a great hurry to say that several booksellers had advertised the book in an inferior form, and to induce me to make some additions to it, which would restore to them their right. I refused at first; but they represented to me that as a new edition was in the press it would be a considerable loss to them: so I have added a scene at the end of 'Moses.'" In the same letter we hear again of Mrs. Garrick, who had now attained to the great age of ninety-one years.

In the month of February, 1815, Miss More, having attained the age of seventy years, the Essay on the Character of St. Paul made its appearance. But age had not diminished the vigour or sprightliness of her intellect, or the interest of the public in the productions of her pen. The first edition was all sold on the day that it was announced, and the author, in one of her letters, states that she had not a single copy left for her sisters to peruse: and, notwithstanding the extraordinary events which about that time agitated the world, the career

of Bonaparte, the war with America, the commotion of states, so engrossing the public mind as to prevent the circulation of almost every work not having a direct reference to politics, it soon reached a fourth edition.

It was not her design to give a biographical sketch of the apostle's character, nor to inquire critically into his writings: but to make such a faithful exhibition of both as would be likely to benefit the reader. "Waiving," she says, "both from inclination and from inability, whatever passages in St. Paul's writings may be considered controversial, the writer has endeavoured, though it must be confessed imperfectly and superficially, to bring forward his character as a model for our general imitation, and his practical writings as a store-house for our general instruction, avoiding whatever might be considered as a ground for the discussion of any point not immediately tending to practical utility."

In another part of the preface she remarks, with characteristic humility:—"It is with no little diffidence that the writer of the following pages ventures to submit them to the public eye. She comes in weakness and in fear, and in much trembling. She is fully aware that whoever undertakes to institute an inquiry into the character, and especially the writings of St. Paul, in a manner at all adequate to the dignity and excellence of both, should possess many and high requisites to which she can make out no fair title. But it would be useless

to insist on her incompetency to the proper execution of such a work, and her deficiencies in ancient learning, Biblical criticism, and deep theological knowledge, because the sagacity of the reader would not fail to be beforehand with her avowal in detecting them. It may, however, serve as some apology for the boldness of the present undertaking, that these volumes are not of a critical but practical nature." Her anticipations respecting the work were not great, and she was fully aware that she could not write on any thing connected with religion or morals without crossing the feelings of some who had imbibed peculiar notions:—"My book," she says, in a letter to Mrs. Kennicott, "will be called, and justly, a presumptuous undertaking. I am sure beforehand of two classes of enemies, the very high Calvinist, and what is called the very high Church party—two formidable bodies; but as I have written I trust from my conscience, I shall patiently submit to their different awards. I own the subject is above my strength at best, and now that little strength is of course less. It will be my last attempt."

CHAPTER XIV.

Observation—Loss of old friends—Mr. Thornton, Mr. Bowdler, Dr. Buchanan—Severe sickness—Indisposition of Miss More's sisters—Death of Miss Elizabeth More—Death of Miss Sarah More—Conduct under affliction—Writes more tracts and ballads—Corrects some of her works for the press—Receives several distinguished persons at Barley Wood.

Miss More had outlived her generation, and seemed to stand alone amidst a new race. The early friends of her literary career had long since sunk to the tomb. Garrick, Johnson, Burke, Walpole, Pitt, Reynolds, and many others, whose names are identified with the history of the world, whose wit, genius, and talents, had so often delighted her, and in whose friendship she had so largely participated, had, one after another, left the orbit of their glory, and gone to that "undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveller returns." More recently the good bishop of London, Lord Barham, a Christian friend of many years, and a beloved sister, had, among others, been added to the list of her bereavements, which now seemed to accumulate on every side, till an age had disappeared before her, and the vacancy of her former associates was filled with a new generation whom she knew not. A few of the friends of her maturer years were still left, but these were dropping off on the right hand and on the left, and she was now called to add to their number the names of Henry

Thornton, Esq., and soon after of John Bowdler, and Dr. Buchanan. Mr. Thornton had been one of the principal contributors to the maintenance of her schools for many years, and the others were of that class of tried and faithful friends which so much contribute to our enjoyment in life.

Miss More alludes to their losses in a manner which shows how great was the comforting influence of religion in her times of trial. "How, alas!" she writes to Lady Sparrow, "shall I touch on the successive grievous strokes with which we have been smitten in three short weeks? They seem to have come rapidly upon us, like the messengers of sad tidings to Job. Our eyes were not dried after the irreparable loss of Mr. H. Thornton, before we received a deep and fresh blow in that of Mr. J. Bowdler; and as it is supposed that Bowdler's kind attention on his dying friend was the immediate cause of his own death, so the attendance of Dr. Buchanan at the funeral of his generous patron is said to have given him the cold that sent him to the grave. We may say with good old Jacob, 'All these things are against us.' But God's ways are not as our ways; he saw that our lamented friends were matured for heaven beyond the usual ripeness, even of distinguished Christians; and consummated their bliss when we would have gladly detained them in a world of sin and sorrow, and incessant trial. They have left us examples both how to live and how to die. In Mr.

Thornton I have lost not only the most wise, and consistently virtuous and pious, but the most attached, faithful, and confidential friend. My schools, too, have lost one who was their principal support for twenty-five years : but my own life is likely to be so short that I trust the goodness of Providence will enable me to carry them on to the end.

"By the death of Dr. Buchanan the Oriental Scripture business has sustained an irreparable loss. You will be pleased with a conversation he had with a friend a short time before his death. He was describing the minute pains he had been taking in the proofs and revisions of the Syriac Testament, every page of which passed under his eye five times before it was sent to press. He said he had expected beforehand that this process would have proved irksome to him, but 'no,' he added, 'every fresh perusal of the sacred page seemed to unfold new beauties.' Here he stopped and burst into tears. 'Do not be alarmed,' said he to his friend, as soon as he recovered himself, 'I could not suppress the emotion I felt as I recollected the delight it had pleased God to afford me in the reading of his word.'"

These wounds were still fresh when Miss More was called to renewed afflictions. In the spring of 1816 she suffered another severe indisposition, which for some days threatened her life. Her recovery was slow, and the disease left her with impaired hearing, smell, and taste. "Like Barzillai," she says, "I have long

ceased to hear any more the voice of singing men and singing women: but though I hope I can still discern between good and evil, yet I cannot taste what I eat or what I drink. I have lost the too senses of smell and taste completely for six weeks. It has given me an excellent lesson not to overlook common mercies, for I forgot to value these blessings till I had lost them."

These afflicting dispensations were followed by others if possible still more distressing. It was evident that death was about to make other inroads, not only among her friends, but in her family. She was called to witness painful and alarming symptoms of declining health in her three remaining sisters. "My poor sister Martha," she says in a letter to Mr. Knox, "has not been out more than three or four times for the last nine months; I fear she is in a declining state, and I have sad prognostics. Her loss to me, to whom she has been hands, and eyes, and feet, would be incalculable. My lively sister Sarah, who still re tains, at times, all the spirit and vivacity of youth, is pronounced to be far gone in a dropsy. We lately thought her going very rapidly, but I bless God she somewhat rallied, and may, I hope, be spared to us a little longer, but her symptoms are very bad. My now eldest sister, who has long had paralytic indications, has been many weeks in bed with a mortification in her leg. This has been resisted by vigorous means; but last week, after many hours of

quiet sleep, we found, on her awaking, that she had lost the power of swallowing and of articulation. She has remained speechless ever since ; and it is a pitiable sight to explore the asking eye, and receive no answer. She seems to look at us, but there is no speculation in those looks. These are trying scenes : pray for us, my good friend, that they may be salutary."

In the autumn of 1816 her fears were realized in relation to her eldest sister Elizabeth, the closing scene of whose life she thus describes in a letter to Lady Sparrow :—" How good and how kind are you! I cordially thank you for your two feeling letters. It has, as you have heard, pleased God to remove my poor sister Betsey from this world of sin and sorrow. I humbly trust, that through Him who loved her and gave himself for her, she is now a happy spirit, disencumbered of a suffering body, and escaped from all the infirmities of age, and the evils of life. She had for many years spent the greater part of her time in reading the Scriptures and devotional books ; and latterly has read nothing else ; and though she was of a reserved temper, and said little, yet I am persuaded she felt her own sinfulness, and was earnest in her supplications to the throne of grace and mercy. For the last fortnight she was entirely speechless. It was a most pitiable sight to see her struggling to express something she seemed to wish to say, for her intellect survived her power of articulation. May

the remembrance of such scenes quicken us, and make us labour more diligently to be followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises."

The death of Miss Elizabeth More took place on the 14th of June, 1816, in the seventy-sixth year of her age, and was followed in less than a year by the dissolution of another of the sisters. Sarah, now the eldest, had for some time been gradually sinking under the pressure of a most painful disease, and for many months her death was daily expected. She survived, however, until the 17th of May, 1817, when she exchanged a life of suffering for a glorious immortality, aged seventy-four. Her last moments were the season of her greatest triumph. When asked if she had comfort of mind she replied, "O yes, I have no uncomfortable feelings at all." One of her friends alluded to her great sufferings. "I do not think of them," she replied, in a tone of the meekest resignation: and soon after, when she was supposed to be near her end, she raised her hands in a holy transport and exclaimed, "O for the glorious morning of the resurrection!"—"but," she added, "there are some clouds between." On taking leave of her medical attendant she exhorted him to love God and take care of his soul; "and O," she exclaimed, "if this should be the blessed hour of my deliverance, may I die the death of the righteous, and may my last thoughts be thoughts of faithfulness." On the following day she awoke suddenly out of a tranquil sleep,

and cried out in rapture, "Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power be unto the Lamb,—Hallelujah!" "Four months," says Miss More, "we had watched over her increasing disease; the last two exceeded in agony any thing I had ever witnessed. Poor Patty and I closely attended this bed of suffering, but our distresses were mingled with much consolation. The sprightly, gay-tempered creature, whose vivacity age had not tamed, exhibited the most edifying spectacle I ever beheld. I cannot do justice to her humility, her patience, her submission. It was at times something more than resignation, it was a sort of spiritual triumph over the sufferings of her body. She often said, 'I have never prayed for recovery, but for pardon: I do not fear death, but sin.' When she was herself, almost her whole time was spent in prayer. So exquisitely keen at times was her anguish, that we were frequently roused in the night by her piercing groans, which she vainly endeavoured to restrain. Our prayers for a gentle dissolution were granted; she expired in great tranquillity. May her example sink deep in the hearts of all who witnessed it. She commonly sent away her surgeon in tears. Pray for me, that I may be enabled to do and to suffer the whole will of God. My three departed sisters have quitted the world in the same order of succession in which they entered it. My turn comes next. But all is in the hands of infinite wisdom and mercy."

These sad events came one after another in

such rapid succession, and were accompanied with so much watching and anxiety, that it is wonderful how the weak frame of Miss More endured the ordeal. Keenly did she feel her bereavements, but she repined not, though for several weeks both she and her surviving sister were unable to see their friends. But such a mind as that of Miss More could not long be fettered even by sorrow. Between the deaths of her two sisters she had, at the earnest solicitation of some friends, penned a number of articles after the style of her "Repository Tracts," in order to counteract the spirit of insubordination and plunder which pervaded the labouring classes in consequence of the pressure and difficulty of the times. These, consisting of tracts and ballads, were published by a committee formed for the purpose, in London, and widely circulated throughout the kingdom, but without her name or any knowledge of the authorship. But this was not all. In order to give employment to the workmen in one or two of the parishes where she had schools, and where twelve hundred of them were reduced to absolute want, she embarked some of her property with Mr. Addington, then of the Treasury, in order to set the works in motion, which, with the assistance of her friend, she was for some time enabled to do. Soon after the death of her sister Sarah, in 1817, we find her toiling with her pen, and making corrections and additions to some of her works, which were again running through the press, "Cœlebs" to a *fif-*

teenth edition, and "Practical Piety" to the *eleventh.*

Indeed the elasticity of Miss More's mind was almost beyond belief. Her temper was naturally gay, and neither age, sickness, nor sorrow, had power, apparently, long to confine it. She regarded her afflictions as needful to her spiritual prosperity, and meekly bowed to receive the rod. "Nothing," she says, "but the grace of God, and frequent attacks through life of very severe sickness, could have kept me in tolerable order. If I am no better with all these visitations, what should I have been without them!" Again she says, "I have never yet suffered a blow, of which I did not feel the indispensable necessity, in which I did not, on reflection, see and feel the compassionate hand of divine mercy; the chastisement of a tender parent."

Mr. Wilberforce made several attempts to engage her pen in a further effort to check the revolutionary spirit which everywhere prevailed in the kingdom, but she declined. "How can you," she writes, "be so cruel as to talk of my writing for France or England, or for anything? I have long since hung up my harp. I did to be sure take it down in the spring, but it was then a *Jew's harp.* Dire necessity, and the importunity of some people, drove me to scribble about thirteen pieces, such as they were, in about six weeks; pretty well I think for a septuagenary.*

* One who is seventy years of age.

Although Barley Wood had latterly been the scene of much affliction, and was despoiled of some of its attractions by the withering hand of death, yet it was not deserted by those who delighted in advancing the standard of the cross. In the autumn of 1817 Miss More had the gratification to receive a visit from the celebrated Dr. Chalmers, the eloquent Scotch divine, Drs. Patterson and Henderson, the Bible missionaries, Sir Alexander Johnstone, with two Cingalese priests, two Persian noblemen, who had visited England to acquire a knowledge of its literature, arts, and sciences, and many others.

CHAPTER XV.

Extensive circulation of Miss More's works—Evident benefits of her labours—Sickness—Writes and publishes "Moral Sketches"—Observations on the work.

Several of the works of Miss More, which had passed through so many editions at home, were equally popular abroad. She had the pleasure of learning that large editions had been printed and sold in America, some of her friends found many copies in Sweden and Iceland. "Cœlebs had been translated into French, and was favourably received by the critics. From Russia she received a letter from a princess, informing her that she had translated some of

her productions into the Russian tongue, and that they had been productive of the happiest results. 'Practical Piety' was translated into the Persian. From the Tract Society of Paris she received a letter desiring her to furnish a copy of her tracts, to be translated into the French language for general distribution. Many of her books had been sent out to India, and some of them had been translated into Cingalese. But what gratified Miss More particularly was the testimony which she received from every direction, that these works, which were read by so many persons, were doing something for the cause of God and the advancement of pure religion.

But it was not only from her books that she now received frequent testimonials of the good which she had been instrumental in accomplishing, but also from her other labours, especially from her schools. Many of her pupils had become decidedly pious, and were giving the influence of their example in favour of that religion which she had endeavoured to teach them; nay, many of them had died in the sure and steadfast hope of a blessed immortality, and had anticipated her in entering upon the glories of that life which is to be hereafter. "Two of our first scholars at Cheddar," she says in one of her letters, "whom we taught their letters thirty years ago, died last week. They became remarkably pious, when only fourteen years of age. I went to see them a short time before their decease. One of them

had married a schoolboy of ours, who became a good tradesman; and they had prospered in life. I never attended a more edifying death-bed. Though suffering much from her maladies, yet she discovered something more than resignation—it was a sort of humble, grateful triumph. She was obliged to pray against impatience for death, so ardent was her desire to be with her Saviour. O how I envied her! There was no heated imagination. She was happy on good grounds."

In September, 1818, both Miss More and her remaining sister were again attacked by severe indisposition, which for some days threatened serious results, but from which they gradually recovered. The attack was mainly occasioned by the great number of visiters at Barley Wood, many of whom were distinguished strangers from abroad, and demanded more of the attention of these sisters than their feeble health admitted. Miss More had never enjoyed very good health, and during her whole life had been subject to frequent and violent attacks of illness, which, however, she endured with wonderful fortitude, and from which she recovered with the same buoyancy and energy of mind. "My whole life," she justly observes in one of her letters, "has been a successive scene of visitation and restoration. I think I could enumerate twenty mortal diseases from which I have been raised up, without any consequent diminution of strength, except in an illness which happened to me ten years ago, and which continued

for nearly two years. Yet let me gratefully remember this, that at nearly sixty, after this hopeless disease, I was restored to sufficient physical strength to write ten volumes, such as they are. I remember that in that long affliction, though at one time I seldom closed my eyes in sleep for forty days and forty nights, yet I had never one hour's great discomposure of mind, or one moment's failure of reason, though I was always liable to agitation."

From this sickness Miss More recovered with her usual vigour and elasticity of mind, which, indeed, no circumstances seemed able to conquer, and notwithstanding her resolution never to write another large volume for the press, such was her restless desire still to be doing something for the benefit of mankind, that, at the age of seventy-four she was induced again to take up her pen. We give her reasons in her own words, as contained in a letter to Sir W. W. Pepys :—"The newspapers will probably have told you," she says, "that I have been guilty of the weakness, at my age, of doing that imprudent and presumptuous thing, writing a book. I had fully resolved, as became me, to commit no more indiscretions of this sort, but I have broken, as did not become me, my resolution. Though living in retirement, falsely so called, I see so many people from every point of the compass, that I find there is a fresh crop of errors springing up in a quarter where we did not so much as look for them; namely among the religious, or rather the *professing* part of the

world. I have really seen and heard so much of the evils arising, and likely to arise, from the epidemic French mania that, as King David says, 'while I was musing the fire burned, and at last I spake' *with my pen.* You will, I fear, think that I have been two strong: but when I see my country almost abandoned in this second assault upon its safety, and millions [of wealth] spent abroad, while our poor have been perishing at home, I could not restrain my feelings."

The work thus called forth was originally designed to be merely a pamphlet; but as she progressed, it grew to a good-sized volume. It was published during the summer of 1820, under the title of "Moral Sketches," and the whole of the first impression was taken off the first day. It is similar in its character to her other ethical works, but more miscellaneous, and notwithstanding the age of the author, is not inferior to any of them, unless it be "St. Paul," which is regarded by many as her master-piece. Its excellencies are thus sketched by the Rev. Daniel Wilson, now the bishop of Calcutta:—"The scrutiny into the heart, the details of practical duty, the detection of prevalent disorders, and, in fine, the new and excellent observations on the tendency and development of religious principle, all founded on the characteristic doctrines of Christianity, stamp a high value upon the work, and must, under the divine blessing, cause it to be productive of much good."

In the preface she remarks:—"The writer, at her advanced age, has little to hope from praise, or to fear from censure, except as her views have been in a right or wrong direction. She has felt that the exposure of growing errors is a duty devolving on those who have the good of mankind at heart: the more nearly her time approaches for leaving the world, there is a sense in which she feels herself more interested in it; she means, in an increasing anxiety for its advancement in all that is right in principle and virtuous in action: and as the events and experience of every day convince her that there is no true virtue which is not founded on religion, and no true religion which is not maintained by PRAYER, she hopes to be forgiven, if, with declining years and faculties, yet with increasing earnestness, from an increasing conviction of its value, she once more ventures to impress this most important topic on their attention."

Some portion of the work is devoted to the subject of education; a subject which she well understood, and the immense importance of which she justly appreciated. "Why," she asks, "should not Christian instruction be made a prominent article in the education of those who are to govern and legislate, as well as those who are to work and serve? Why are these most important beings the very beings whose immortal interests are the most neglected? Parents are grieved at the indications of evil dispositions in their children, yet they study

not the human character, but credulously believe that the accidental defect and the budding vice time will cure; forgetting that time itself cures nothing, but only inveterates and exasperates where religion is not allowed to operate as a corrective. Gentlemen should be scholars: liberal learning need not interfere with religious acquirements, and no human learning ought to keep religion in the back ground, so as to render it an accidental or subordinate part in the education of a Christian gentleman." These sentiments are worthy to be treasured up by every pious parent. It seems to be the error, especially of our own country, that knowledge alone can regulate the heart and correct the life, forgetting that the imaginations of the unrenewed heart are evil and only evil continually, and that nothing can effectually counteract this evil but religion. How necessary, then, that it should be made a part, an essential part of our education.

CHAPTER XVI.

Death of Miss Martha More—Miss More's feelings under this bereavement—Alarming illness—State of her mind—Writes a "Sketch of the Life of the King"—Correspondence—Remarks on Madame Neckar's "Notice of the Character and Writings of Madame de Stael."

Miss More was not permitted to enjoy, without attendant trials, the congratulations which flowed in upon her from all quarters of the kingdom on the late successful achievement of

her pen. Death which had removed so many of her dear friends and relatives was about to strike a blow still nearer home, and to deprive her of her only remaining sister, who was now her chief help, support, and comfort. Miss Martha More, the youngest of the five sisters, was a most benevolent, active, affectionate, and pious lady, and upon her had devolved in a great measure the execution and responsibility of all those schemes of charity and kindness originating in her more intellectual sister. She had been connected with the parish schools from the very first moment of their existence, had taken the chief charge of household affairs, had dispensed the bounties which her sister gathered, and was to Miss More, as she well expressed it, "hands, and eyes, and feet." She possessed a sound understanding, a cultivated mind, a generous and noble heart, was cheerful without levity, serious without affectation, zealous without officiousness, and withal possessed a great aptitude for imparting instruction, and a diligence as indefatigable as that of her untiring sister. With such a disposition, softened and moulded by the benign influences of Christianity, and a heart which was susceptible of nothing but kindness, it may readily be imagined how close must have been the ties which bound her to Miss More, after a long life spent in the closest union, the same pursuits, the same cares, and the same enjoyments. To lose such a sister, at such a time, was, indeed, no ordinary affliction.

She had taken cold in an excursion with the Wilberforce family, who were spending a few days at Barley Wood, and lived only four days from the time of her attack; dying, like those of her family who had gone before, in the confident expectation of a glorious immortality. This event took place on the 14th of September, 1819, in the seventieth year of her age, and is thus described by her sister in a letter to Mrs. M'Auley:—"She came to my bedside at eleven at night, and said, 'They are all gone to bed, and our W. and I have had a nice hour's chat.' In an hour and a half after this she awoke in the pangs of death; after agonies unspeakable, and shrieks which rent my heart, she sunk for eight or ten hours into total insensibility, with all the marks of a corpse on her countenance. We sent for Dr. Lovell, who scarcely left her while she lived. Whether rational or delirious, her expressions all indicated a strong faith in her crucified Saviour. She was at times perfectly composed, said she had done but little for God, but had never trusted in any thing she had done. A few hours before her departure she rambled a good deal, but in a quiet way, full of piety and charity. I perceived her last breath, when she sweetly slept in Jesus without a sigh or groan. Her countenance in her coffin was lovely. I wish you could have seen how happy she looked. I need not tell you that my grief is exquisite: but my consolations are great, and I trust that not one rebellious thought has risen in my heart. On the contrary I enumerate

my many mercies; that she was spared to me so long, that she had been in such a constant state of preparation, that my grief is not aggravated by any doubt of her present happiness, that *she* has gained much more than *I* have lost."

In this severe affliction Miss More preserved that calm submission to the will of God which always caused her to look upon her bereavements as so many just chastisements, bestowed by a benevolent hand, for the purpose of deepening her humility, and cutting loose the ties which bound her to the world. "I find," she says, "not one reason for murmurs; but many for thanksgiving. She was enabled, after a life of devotedness to God, to bear her dying testimony to his faithfulness and truth. I feel thankful that she is removed from a world of pain and suffering, of sin and sorrow, to that blessed state purchased for her by Him who loved her; that she sleeps in Jesus, and that her last words were expressive of her Christian hope. Shall I mourn for such a death? And yet I cannot but mourn deeply. The remainder of my pilgrimage, however, must be short. I pray that I may be enabled to spend it better than I have done the past; and I believe that she was taken from me in order to quicken my repentance and preparation. My chief earthly support was removed that I might lean more entirely on God." In another letter she remarks:—"I can truly say that my grief has not been mixed with one murmuring thought. I kiss the rod, and adore the hand that employs

it. I bless God that she was spared to me so long; that her last trial, though sharp, was short; that she is spared from feeling for *me* what I now *feel for her;* and though I must finish my journey alone, yet it is a very short portion which remains to be accomplished."

The loss of this excellent woman was deeply deplored, not only by her surviving sister, but by all who knew her, and especially by the villagers, who had for so many years been the objects of her affectionate solicitude. Her loss was regarded as a common calamity, and she was, therefore, mourned with no ordinary grief. Several funeral sermons were preached for her in the neighbourhood, at each of which a very large company of clergymen attended, and the people about Barley Wood generally put on badges of mourning, and the parish schools for some time forbore to make application for their usual supplies of clothing and books. Surprised at this last circumstance, Miss More inquired of the Shipham schoolmaster, who replied :— "Why, madam, they be so cut up for the sad loss we have all sustained, that they have not heart to come."

The death of this amiable and pious sister pressed heavily upon Miss More's spirits for some time, but she gradually recovered the natural tone of her mind, though her body continued much enfeebled. Through the whole winter and spring she was so ill as scarcely to be able to leave her room, and seemed rather to retrograde than improve, until in the month of

August she was brought, by a succession of alarming attacks, to the very gates of death. For many days no hopes were entertained for her recovery, and she herself supposed that she was about to leave the church militant, and join the church triumphant.

In this situation Miss More felt how great was the support of those Christian principles which she had so long endeavoured to inculcate on the minds of others, which she had defended and enforced in her writings, and exemplified in her life. "What," she exclaimed, "should I do, at this trying season, if I had the work to begin?" a question which it would be well for all to consider while yet they are in health. On the night of the 12th Miss More was seized with an obstinate obstruction of the chest, and supposing herself dying, she caused the family to be called together. After repeated faintings she so far recovered as to be able to speak, when she broke out in these and other exclamations of triumph:—"Thou wilt show me the path of life; in thy presence is fulness of joy, and at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore." "All my trust is through grace; all my hope is for mercy; all I ask is acceptance through Jesus Christ."

Through the whole of her illness she possessed that calm reliance and firm confidence which so wonderfully sustain the true Christian in the hour of suffering and trial, though she says she knew little of those triumphs which others had experienced on the near approach

of death. Her mind, however, was continually calm, and her faith unwavering: not a doubt of her acceptance ever seems to have crossed her mind, no fear of death, no wish of recovery, no longing after the pleasures of the world. It was her delight to talk of the glories of heaven, and of the salvation provided through the Saviour. "It is delightful to know," she said to one of her friends, "that these our joys will be unspeakable and full of glory: rest in the bosom of God and the Saviour, and a full enjoyment of his presence, chiefly present themselves to my mind. The meeting of dear friends will, I should think, constitute a part of our felicity, though a very subordinate one: like Whitefield, I think, we shall be apt to say, 'Stand back, and keep me not from the sight of the Saviour!'" To one of the clergymen who prayed by her bedside she said:—"I thank God I have not an anxiety whether to live or die," and added, with energy, "there is peace and safety at the foot of the cross: blessed be his holy name, I am enabled to cast myself there, in a full, undivided, unqualified reliance on that blood that was shed upon it."

But Miss More's work was not yet done, and it pleased God to restore her to her friends, and to grant her again a comfortable degree of health. During this terrible illness her mind retained its strength to a degree almost past belief; as a wonderful evidence of which we may state that the preface to a new edition of her "Moral Sketches," consisting of a sketch

of the character of the late king, George III., was composed and written by her while she was most feeble, and while her friends were despairing of her recovery. The circumstances are narrated in a letter to Miss Hubert, to account for the supposed defects in the work. "In the worst of my illness," she says, "Cadell [son of the former] wrote to entreat me to write a preface to a new edition of 'Moral Sketches,' with a short tribute to our lamented king. My friend wrote him word it was utterly impossible, that I might as well attempt to fly as to write. A week after, supposing me to be better, he again renewed his entreaty. I was, however, not any better, but I fancied that what was difficult might not be impossible. So, having got every body out of the way, I furnished myself with pen, ink, and paper, which I concealed in my bed, and the next morning, in a high fever, with my pulse above a hundred, without having formed one thought, bolstered up, I began to scribble. I got on about seven pages, my hand being almost as incompetent as my head. I hid my scrawl, and said not a word while my doctor and my friend wondered at my increased debility. After a strong opiate I next morning renewed my task of seven pages more, and delivered my almost illegible papers to my friend to transcribe and send away. I got well scolded, but I loved the king, and was carried through by a sort of affectionate impulse; so it stands as a preface to the seventh edition."

We can scarcely imagine any thing more wonderful than this achievement. Miss More was now seventy-five years of age, in the midst of a raging fever, her body enfeebled to the last extent by the ravages of disease ; and yet, under these circumstances, when an ordinary person would have been brooding in despondency over so deplorable a situation, she was enabled to write, in two successive days, no less than fourteen pages of foolscap paper, on a subject which required thought, reflection, and labour. Surely the mind that could achieve such a victory over time, debility, and disease, must have been cast in no ordinary mould !

Contrary to Miss More's expectations, her health continued to improve during the winter of 1820 and 21, and we soon find her bringing up the arrears of her correspondence, neither her wit nor vivacity being a whit diminished by her late severe trials. Among those with whom she held intercourse by letter, were still persons of all classes ; the high, the low ; the learned, the illiterate ; the old, the young. Miss More took an interest in the afflicted of whatever class ; her philanthropy was not confined to the precincts of her native island ; it looked abroad over the whole world. In the exercise of this boundless benevolence she held an intercourse with many in our own country, and among them were several of the deaf and dumb girls of the Hartford Asylum, Conn. Their correspondence was of a very simple kind, as the reader will see, for we cannot for-

bear to make the following extract from a letter of Sophia Fowler, which, though not immediately connected with the narrative, will, we are sure, be interesting to the young American reader.

"It gives me great pleasure to write to you, although I think we shall never see each other's face: but I do hope I shall meet you in heaven, where, how happy we shall be to see each other's face. I hope we shall make preparation for death, and God will give us peace and happiness when we die. I was sorry to hear that you were sick, but I hope you are now better. I think how I live here a great many miles from you. * * * If you are in any pain I hope God will descend upon your soul in peace. Jesus Christ sees us always when we are in pain, and he sympathizes with us: then he will certainly bless us if we truly love and trust in him through faith. * * * May your heavenly Father bless you, and be always with you during your life. Although I write this letter to you, I hardly expect you will answer me, because I know that you are much engaged. I hope to pray to God for you."

That Miss More's mind had not suffered materially, either in consequence of age or disease, is, we think, abundantly evident from the sprightliness and vigour of her correspondence. A friend had sent her Madame Neckar's "Notice of the Character and Writings of Madame de Stäel," requesting her opinion of its merits, which was given with the same clear discri-

mination of judgment which characterized her mind at an earlier period. It will be observed, too, that her style retains all the ease, elegance, and fluency of her younger days. "I have read this work," she says, "with mingled feelings of pain and pleasure. It indicates a kindred genius with the work it celebrates, a similarity of striking thoughts, brilliancy of style, and happy turn of expression; the same ardour of feeling, the same generosity of sentiment. I wish my regard to truth would allow me to stop here; but you insist on knowing my sentiments. It would be a satire on my own judgment and feelings not to allow that I am among the innumerable admirers of Madame de Stäel. And like the woman she celebrates, Madame Neckar writes elegantly, and even splendidly, but she has employed her eloquence to varnish over every thing in her relative's conduct and writings. Religion, however, is the great point in Madame de Stäel's character on which she insists: but these distinguished ladies have a religion of their own; not the Christian religion: humility is excluded; there is no intimation of a fallen nature, of its restoration, of the renewal of the soul, of divine influences, &c. It is, as Isaiah says, 'as when a hungry man dreameth and behold he eateth; but he awaketh and behold his soul is empty.'"

In another part of this letter she says:—"Perhaps if I had as much personal interest in defending genius as she has, I might have been tempted to treat it with greater lenity. I am a

passionate admirer of the gifts of God, and whatever is beautiful in nature or exquisite in art, comes from him. They proceed from his goodness, but form no part of his essence. Nor can I conceive that the most enchanting beauties of nature, or the most splendid productions of the fine arts, have any necessary connection with religion. Genius and talents are gifts of God; they serve to adorn religion in her brightest beauty, but they are no part of herself: on the contrary, she has found some of her worst enemies among those who have been the most supremely gifted. Observe, I mean the religion of Christ, not that of Plato; the religion of reality, not that of the beau-ideal. The most exquisite pictures and statues have been produced in those parts of Europe where pure religion has made the least progress. Athens was once the most learned, and the most polished city in the world; yet the eloquent preaching of Paul made but one convert in the whole Areopagus."

CHAPTER XVII.

Another attack of illness—Death of Mrs. Garrick—State of her health—Employment of time—Barley Wood school at Ceylon—Opinion of Scott's Novels—Wrington Bible Meeting—Publishes "Spirit of Prayer"—Great energy of mind.

In the spring of 1822 Miss More suffered another of those severe attacks of illness which had so often admonished her of the great necessity of a constant preparation for death. For

six months she was confined to her bed, and for more than a year she did not leave her room. But her sickness was not only very protracted, but also very dangerous, and few were so sanguine as to look for her recovery. It pleased God, however, after a period of great suffering, again to raise her up.

During this long affliction her mind was stayed upon her Saviour, and through him she was enabled to preserve the same patience, peace, and confidence, which had hitherto marked her trials. "Were it in my power," she was wont to say, "to determine whether to live or die, and could I determine either by the lifting up of my hand, I would not dare to do it." Miss More felt that her home was in heaven; her treasure and her heart were there; and although, like the great apostle, she knew that "to live was Christ," yet she also felt that "to die was gain." "O," said she, "that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest: I would hasten my escape from the windy storm and tempests." And again:—"O what a morning will that be when I shall awake in endless joy! When will it come! That was not an unpremeditated assertion which Paul made, when he said nobly and truly:—'I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us.'" When at length favourable symptoms appeared, and her physician expressed hopes of her recovery, she said, "I fear I am not thankful enough; but suppose

you were going a long journey to receive a large inheritance, would you not be grieved were you suddenly called back to receive two or three trifling sums, when you had nearly reached the end?"

One of her first letters, on her recovery, was addressed to Sir W. W. Pepys, her old and tried friend. In it she thus speaks of her illness:—"I have been in bed six months with a fever as severe as it was durable. At my advanced time of life I was bled seven times in a few weeks, with other sharp discipline. The mercies of my heavenly Father during this trial have been great and numerous. Of the first sixty nights I passed forty without one hour's entire sleep, yet I had never one moment's delirium, and scarcely any discomposure." She then speaks of the general state of sickness and want, which existed at the time of her own afflictions, in the neighbourhood, and adds:—"Through your generous bounty I was enabled materially to mitigate these calamities. I had a little bag [containing money] pinned to my curtain, from which I sent to the sick, through the apothecary, the almost daily dole, [charity,] and I believe some lives were saved, and others were made more comfortable."

In October she heard of the death of Mrs. Garrick, her early and enduring friend, who had gone down to the grave full of years. She thus notices the event in one of her letters:—"I was much affected yesterday with a report of the death of my ancient and valued friend,

Mrs. Garrick. She was in her HUNDREDTH YEAR. I spent above twenty winters under her roof, and gratefully remember, not only her personal kindness, but my first introduction, through her and her husband, into a society remarkable for rank, literature, and talents. Whatever was most distinguished in either, was to be found at their table. He was the very soul of conversation."

The state of Miss More's health may be best ascertained by a quotation from another of her letters, written in November, 1823. "It is now," she says, "about two years since I have been down stairs, and I think about four years and a quarter since I have been in any house besides my own. I have, however, a pleasant prison, and am not anxious for a jail delivery." But notwithstanding her long confinement, and the feeble state of her body, she was not idle. Her large correspondence was still kept up, and Barley Wood was daily thronged with visiters from all quarters of the world. Her schemes of benevolence, too, were not contracted on account of her bodily inactivity, but were constantly enlarging, contrary to the general rule, as she advanced in age.

Various repositories having been opened at Clifton and Bath for the benefit of certain charities, a part of her leisure was employed in fabricating articles to aid them. It being known that these trifles had been prepared by a person so celebrated as Hannah More, they generally sold for large sums. On one occasion Sir

Thomas Ackland purchased a pair of garters which she had knit for one of the repositories, which he was glad to get by paying a crown, [a little more than a dollar.] The circumstance having come to the knowledge of Miss More, she penned some sprightly lines, and addressed them to Sir Thomas, in which she spoke of the garters as one of *the most faultless of her works*. The conclusion of the poem is in these words:

"Though some its want of ornament may blame,
Utility, not splendour, was my aim.
Not ostentatious I—for still I ween
Its worth is rather to be *felt* than *seen*.
Around the *feelings* still it gently winds,
If lost, no comfort the possessor finds;
Retired from view, it seeks to be obscure,
The public gaze it trembles to endure.
The sober moralist its use may find,
Its object is not loose, it aims to *bind*.
No creature suffers from its sight or touch,
Can Walter Scott say more—can Byron say as much?
One tribute more, my friend, I seek to raise,
You've given, indeed, a CROWN, give *More*—your praise.

But it was not only for the repositories in the vicinity of Barley Wood that she was engaged in preparing these trifles. The American Board of Missions, having received a print of Miss More's residence, had a copy of it taken, and devoted the profits of the sale to the establishment of a school in Ceylon, which was to bear the name of Barley Wood: in order to aid their funds Miss More extended to them the benefit of her labours. "If," she says in one of her letters, "you saw my table on most days, you would think that, if I were not a minister of state, I was become at least a clerk in a public

office. These petty businesses often prevent my writing to those dear friends with whom it would be my delight to have more intercourse I find, however, a good deal of time to work with my *hands*, while Miss Frowd reads for the entertainment of my *head*. The learned labours of my knitting-needle are now accumulating to be sent to America, to the Missionary Society, who will sell them there, and send the proceeds to the Barley Wood school at Ceylon. So that you see I am still good for something."

She also occupied much time in reading, which she seems to have enjoyed with her usual relish, and the large volumes that she read is truly wonderful. Her taste did not run to the light and frivolous trash which, in her day as well as our own, was constantly teeming from the press; but she delighted in those solid and instructive works which enlightened the understanding and improved the heart. Indeed she has in several places borne her testimony in the strongest terms against the great evil of what is called light reading. She censures not only those inferior novels which have nothing to recommend them but the fact that they are fashionable, but also those of a higher class, such for instance as emanated from the pen of Sir Walter Scott. She acknowledged their high merits as works of genius, but regarding time as a sacred trust for which we must give an account, she thought that it should not be squandered in reading books whose highest claims consisted in doing no harm.

"Let those who consider that if our time is indeed to be accounted for as scrupulously as any other talents with which we may be intrusted, how will their reckoning stand in the great day of accounts? In the case of some, time is almost the only talent they have. Such ought to be especially careful that this one be rightly employed, as we have an awful lesson of the danger of unprofitableness."

It had been the custom of Miss More to give all her influence, and to aid in other respects, the operations of the British Bible Society, and on the occasion of the Wrington Anniversary, to entertain the guests from a distance. These not unfrequently amounted to more than a hundred, and on one occasion, which she names, to one hundred and sixty. For some time she had not been able to do this, but in the year 1824 her health was so much improved that they were again invited to share her hospitality. She was, however, unable to attend the meeting, or even to dine with the guests, but she saw most of the company in her room after dinner, where they spent several hours in edifying conversation. Bishop Chase, of Ohio, was among the number, and offered the parting prayer. In about a month after this interesting occasion Miss More was again laid on a bed of sickness, where she was detained for many weeks with but little expectation of her recovery. But old age had not broken her spirits, or overcome her patience. Her sick bed was a scene of instruction to all who had the privi-

lege to see her there. Ever ready to depart, she did not look upon the approaches of our last enemy with terror; the sting of death had been destroyed, and she waited with patience the time when her earthly afflictions should draw to a close, and permit her to enter on those bright scenes of felicity which she was confident awaited her beyond the grave.

As soon as she began to recover, and before she was able to quit her bed for any length of time, she commenced making selections from her works on the subject of prayer, which she brought together into a little volume, making occasional additions and alterations, and prefixing a short preface. Not expecting to live but a few days, this little book was bequeathed to her friends. On its being announced, with the name of the author attached, the whole edition was bespoken, and a second edition was in preparation before she received a single copy. This second edition was followed within a few weeks by a third. The work was received with the highest commendation by her pious friends, one of whom well observes that it was a very appropriate and happy finish to her labours. Sir W. W. Pepys, who, like herself, had almost finished the journey of life, and was some two or three years older than Miss More, received it with particular delight. "Such an animated spirit of piety runs through the whole of it," he says, "that not to have greatly relished it, would have impeached one's taste even more than one's principles. I hope to

have it always upon my table, and to read it over and over again as long as I shall wish to cherish the spirit of piety, which I pray God may be as long as I live."

Another pious friend says :—"I have perused with great interest your 'Spirit of Prayer.' It was well, instead of engaging in anything savouring of novelty or originality, to select and place in the public hand that part of the spiritual armour which is so prominently necessary to bring into use and efficacy all the other parts of the sacred panoply which you have been labouring so long to recommend for the purpose of Christian warfare." Mr. Stevens also wrote her a long congratulatory letter, in which he expatiated largely on the importance and pleasure of prayer. After the publication of this little work, in 1825, Miss More's health continued to improve, and for two or three years it remained perhaps better than it had been for several years.

Her little work on prayer is remarkable as being the last of her publications, and the labour of one who had already entered upon her eighty-first year. It is a striking example of that energy of character which she possessed in so remarkable a degree. This peculiarity is well described by herself in one of her letters. "Though I have not done much," she says, "yet with a sickly life, an annual dangerous fever of long duration, if I had been sober and considerate I should have done *nothing*. My thick volume, 'Moral Sketches, of more than

five hundred pages, was first thought of in January, and entirely written, printed, and published in the end of August. In September of the same year dear Patty died. Could I have foreseen this, or had I delayed the work, it would never have been written. So much in favour of rashness." Miss More never indulged in procrastination; the moment that any practicable work suggested itself to her mind, that moment she set about it.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Death of old friends—Barley Wood frequented by dissenters—Great vivacity of mind—Readiness at composition.

Miss More's old friends, like the ancient and venerable trees of a stately forest, had, one after another, fallen before the arch-destroyer, until she was left almost a solitary monument of an age which had passed away. In 1825 she was called to part with another of her old companions, that excellent man, faithful friend, elegant and accomplished scholar, Sir W. W. Pepys. He had been one of her earliest literary acquaintances, and had figured in her little poem, "The Bas Bleu." At a later period he had become religious, and was one of her most accomplished and faithful correspondents. Miss More thus narrates her feelings on the occasion, in a letter to Mr. Wilberforce:—"My

health, through the great mercy of God, is marvellous, all things considered; but I am feeling the common effect of those who live to an advanced age, that almost all my contemporaries are dropping before me. In one month I can reckon the bishop of Salisbury, my valuable friend the Rev. Mr. Jones, and a loss that afflicted me very deeply, that of Sir William W. Pepys. We had lived in undiminished friendship near fifty years: he was a scholar and a gentleman, and one of the principal ornaments of the select society in which I passed so many pleasant days. He was the Laelius of my now forgotten little poem, the 'Bas Bleu.' Fifteen or twenty years ago, when I gave up London entirely, we continued our intercourse by letters, and I had the great satisfaction of remarking his gradual advance in piety. I had made him a present of a fine Bible, marking those portions on which I wished him more particularly to dwell. He studied it constantly. His letters for several past years, without losing any of that classic elegance for which he was remarkable, were characterized by a spirit of devotion truly gratifying. His family character was admirable. His sons almost worshipped him. For the last seven years he has been a bountiful benefactor to my poor, and my schools. I have no doubt he is accepted through Him who loved him and gave himself for him."

Miss More seems to have sensibly realized these losses, and to have reflected much upon her peculiar situation in consequence of them.

In another letter she remarks:—"I can truly say that I have not one contemporary left. My youthful associates, the Johnsons, the Garricks, the Burkes, the Bryants, the Reynolds, &c., I do not reckon, as they were much older than myself: of my second set, the bishop of Durham and Lady Cremorne were the last, both ninety-four: of your period (alas! poor H. Thornton!) there remain yourself, to me a host, the Gisbornes, the Babingtons, my old accomplished friend the bishop of Bristol, &c. In a letter to Lady Sparrow she continues the subject:—"My contemporaries," she says, "are dropping away very fast. In one month only, the bishop of Salisbury, the dean of Canterbury, and my old and accomplished friend Sir W. W. Pepys. The next death within the month, of my aged friends, was that of the venerable clergyman of Shipham, who in sixty-one years had never missed his Sunday duty but four times. All the clergymen for many miles around attended him to the grave. I was so fortunate as to obtain this little living for him thirty-five years ago." In another letter she speaks of no less than thirty physicians who had attended her at different times in her life, all of whom were in their graves.

She had outlived her age, and it must have been a great satisfaction to see, from her elevated position, the progress of society during her time. A new race had grown up around her, and as it were under an influence which she had greatly aided in producing. The la

bours of Wesley, and Whitefield, and Wilberforce, in conjunction with those which she had put forth, had, indeed, wrought a pleasing change in all classes; and to her, who lived so much in familiar intercourse with the higher circles, the change in the conduct of the great was particularly pleasing. "It is," she says in a letter to Mr. Huber, "a singular satisfaction to me that I have lived to see such an increase of genuine religion among the higher classes of society. Mr. Wilberforce and I agree that where we knew one instance thirty years ago, there are now a dozen, or more. It is the Lord's doings, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

We have said elsewhere that Miss More adhered steadily to the Established Church; we might have added, that she was both in principle and practice a thorough Churchwoman, adhering to the doctrines and forms of the Church of England with the greatest punctiliousness, and refusing to have any connection whatever with any thing that was considered irregular. Still she possessed very enlarged views of Christian charity, and to all the humble followers of the cross both her heart and her house were open. Barley Wood was, therefore, frequently made cheerful by the presence of the learned and pious of different denominations of Christians. Where true piety existed Miss More inquired not with what class of professors it was associated. At one time she says:—"Daniel Wilson has been staying here several days and nights. O how you would enjoy his

devout energy, the heartfelt and heart-awakening piety of his prayers, and the interesting manner in which he expounds the Scriptures!" At another time she writes:—"Early this morning arrived dear old Rowland Hill, and another saintly visiter." She also speaks of Dr. Marshman, the Baptist missionary, and many others who were dissenters from the Established Church. She mentions Mr. Wesley with great respect, and names a message which she received from him through one of her sisters. "Tell her," said he, "to live in the world; *there* is the sphere of her usefulness; they will not let *us* come nigh them."

The great reformation which was commenced under Mr. Wesley, and which resulted in so much good to all denominations of Christians, by diffusing more widely the principles of evangelical piety, reached, at first, comparatively few of the higher classes. The opprobrium which was attached to the irregularities, as they were called, of Mr. Wesley and his followers, prevented that access to the great, the gay, and the fashionable, which, in other circumstances, these excellent men might have enjoyed. This Mr. Wesley knew, and having observed the influence which Miss More's eloquent pen was exerting over a class which his own efforts had failed to reach, he gave the judicious advice recorded above.

We have had occasion before to speak of the wonderful vivacity and sprightliness of Miss More's mind; this quality, although she had

now reached her eighty-second year, seemed to be retained with all its youthful vigour, as is evident in almost every production of her pen. It was, however, scarcely less remarkable than the facility with which she gave it expression: as an evidence of which we quote the following amusing lines, which were taken down by a friend as they fell from her lips, while a ludicrous scene, which was passing before her, called them forth. She afterward made some corrections in the lines, and sent them in a letter to Mr. Hart Davis. "I fear," she says in this letter, "you will say I am too old to write nonsense, but I plead an excuse, that I am approaching my *second childhood*, when nonsense is almost as pardonable as in the *first*. The scene which elicited it having just passed under my window, the foolish thought struck me, and except some trifling additions made in committing it to paper, you have it as my friend took it down. It was spoken, not written, on seeing the body of a large pig which had been butchered dragged up the hill."

"The saddest sight that e'er was seen
Was piggy rolling up the green!
Though dragg'd, he still would roll alone
Downward, like Sisyphus's stone.
This pig, as good as e'er was sold,
Was worth—not quite his weight in gold.
That pork's unwholesome, doctors tell us,
Though of the fact I'm somewhat jealous,
And I believe, beyond all question,
Bacon is sov'reign for digestion;
For this one cause, among a few,
I'm glad I was not born a Jew.

No quadruped, like piggy, claims
To give his flesh such various names.
The calf and sheep half starve the glutton,
By yielding only veal and mutton;
While all extol the liberal swine,
For griskin and the savoury chine:
How often does the brawny flitch
Adorn the table and *enrich:*
The stately ham and rasher small,
Are liked in every state by all:
Who will confess they see no good in
The poignant sausage or black pudding?
The spare-rib, sweet-bone, ears and snout
My bill of fare will quite make out;
For I disdain my song to close
By stooping to the pettitoes.
He ne'er was seen to dance a jig
Though a genteel and graceful pig;
Yet when he round my field would prance,
It might be call'd a country dance.
Those *men* who dancing lives have led
Are worse than nothing when they're dead;
While piggy's goodness ne'er appears,
Till closed his eyes and deaf his ears.
Though feeding spoil'd his shape and beauty,
Yet feeding was in him a duty;
In spite of this reproach or that,
'Twas his sole duty to grow fat.
Death was to him no awful sentence,
No need for sorrow or repentance:
How many a gourmand, stout and big,
Might envy thy last hour, O pig!

From my Stye, Barley Wood, March 16, 1826.

Soon after, in a letter to Dr. Wilson, who had complained of turns of depression, she sent some lines, beginning as follows:—

"Lord! when dejected I appear,
And love is half absorb'd in fear
E'en then I know I'm not forgot,
Thou'rt present, though I see thee not;
Thy boundless mercy's still the same,
Though I am cold, nor feel the flame;

Though dull and hard my sluggish sense,
Faith still maintains its evidence.
O would thy cheering beams so shine,
That I might always feel thee mine."

CHAPTER XIX.

Removal from Barley Wood—Causes of removal—Incidents of the removal—Residence at Clifton—Mental decay—State of her mind—Incidents of her last hours—Death.

Barley Wood, the delightful residence of Miss More, was endeared to her by a thousand delightful associations and recollections. It had been built to suit her taste, had grown into luxuriance and beauty under her own eye; its flowers, and groves, and shrubbery, had been planted by her own hand; it was ornamented by monuments raised to the memory of her own dear and valued friends. Here for years had been her enjoyments; here she had closed the eyes of her departed sisters; here she had gathered together, on every hand, mementoes of affection intimately connected with the brightest periods of her life. But notwithstanding these strong ties, Miss More, at a very advanced age, when local attachments are the strongest, and the mind clings with particular tenacity to the past, had the courage to change her abode, and to yield up her flowers and shrubs, and groves and walks, and transfer the possession into other hands.

Barley Wood had long been, as it were, the court of literature and piety; and latterly it had

been thronged almost continually by visiters from most parts of the world. Of the immense number of persons which she entertained from day to day, the reader will be able to form some idea by the following extract from one of her letters :—"Retirement," she says, "is a thing that I know only by name. I think Miss Frowd says that I saw eighty persons last week, and it is commonly the same every week. I know not how to help it. If my guests are old, I see them out of respect; if young, I hope I may do them a little good; if they come from a distance, I feel as if I ought to see them on that account; if near home, my neighbours would be jealous of my seeing strangers and excluding them. My *levee*, however, is from twelve o'clock to three, so that I get my mornings and evenings to myself, except now and then an old friend steals in quietly for a night or two."

With such a constant pressure of visiters, it is very evident that Miss More must have been obliged to keep a large establishment, and at her time of life she was but poorly fitted to look into, or prevent the extravagance and waste, to say nothing of the dishonesty of her household. The natural tolerance of her disposition had, in her old age, given way to indulgence, and her domestic government had, therefore, degenerated into a looseness and negligence which put it into the power of her servants to take any advantage which they might desire. They had not been slow in availing themselves of the misplaced confidence of their indulgent mistress,

and, taking advantage of her long confinement, had carried on a system of the most wanton extravagance and dishonesty, so that she found herself obliged to take some decisive measure, or submit to total ruin.

Under these circumstances, painful as was the alternative, she did not long hesitate. Knowing that, at her age, when even "the grasshopper is a burden," she was totally unfit to look after the discipline of her large household, she resolved to quit Barley Wood, and at once reduce her cares and expenses. This resolution, once taken, she proceeded to put into practice, and the necessary arrangements having been made, she removed, on the 18th of April, 1828, at the age of eighty-three, to Windsor Terrace, where she remained till death relieved her from the cares and responsibilities of this mortal state.

The effort was, indeed, a great one. "This heavy blow," she says, "has overwhelmed me. I strive and earnestly pray for divine support and direction; but such is the variety of difficulties which await me for the next month that I sink under the thought of them." As the day approached for her departure from Barley Wood, her friends became exceedingly anxious for the result. It was dreary and cold, many of her neighbours came to exchange sympathies with her, and to witness the scene. Assisted by Miss Frowd, her constant attendant and kind friend, she left the room in which she had been so many years confined, descended the stairs,

walked for a few minutes around the room in which were hung the portraits of most of her old friends, was assisted into her carriage, cast behind her, over her endeared bowers, one pensive, parting look, and took her leave for ever: remarking, as the carriage rolled away, "I am, like Eve, driven out of paradise, but, not like Eve, by angels."

Removed to Clifton, Miss More soon found herself very comfortable, and much relieved from a pressure of cares. Her friends had taken the precaution to engage for her an elegant house, fitted up with every convenience, though on a scale somewhat reduced from that of Barley Wood. Here she carried the same contented and cheerful mind, and, surrounded with familiar faces, kindness, and attention, soon began to feel herself at home.

In a letter to Mr. Wilberforce, dated Windsor Terrace, October 27, 1828, she gives so good an account of her new situation that we shall insert nearly her whole letter. "I am," she says, "diminishing my worldly cares. I have sold Barley Wood, and have just parted with the copy right to Cadell of those few of my writings which I had not sold him before. I have exchanged the eight pampered minions for four sober servants. I have greatly lessened my house expenses, which enables me to maintain my schools and enlarge my charities. My schools alone, with clothing, rents, &c., cost me £250 [over eleven hundred dollars] a year. Dear, good Miss Frowd looks after them, though

we are removed much further from them. As I have sold my carriage and horses, I want no coachman; as I have no garden, I want no gardener. My removal here has been providentially directed to my good. I have two pious clergymen, whom I call my chaplains, and who frequently devote an evening to expound and pray with my family, and uniformly on Saturdays. My most kind and skilful physician, Dr. Carrick, who used to have twelve miles to come to me, has now not much above two hundred yards. As to your kind visits, we can give you two beds, and one for a female servant: I am sorry I can do no more. The house, though good, furnishes few conveniences. We have no servants' hall, of course no second table; but we are surrounded with hotels, lodging houses, &c. I am expecting soon to see my much valued friend, Mr. Huber, and his wife, from Geneva. He is a man of great talents and piety. I owe him much. He has translated many of my works into French, and is now going on with the 'Essay on St. Paul.' It gratifies me that his translation of the 'Spirit of Prayer' is now circulating in Paris. Miss Frowd desires her best respects. She is my great earthly treasure. She joins to sincere piety great activity and useful knowledge. She has the entire management of my family, and is very judicious in the common offices of life. She reads well, and she reads much to me. I have much more to say, and much, I trust, to hear when we meet. May the God of all grace

and goodness preserve you, my very dear friend."

Up to this period Miss More had discovered little or no symptoms of mental decay; but it soon became evident that the fine fabric of that mind which had so often shed its lustre on the world was yielding to the pressure of accumulated years. Her memory, formerly so retentive, ceased to serve her with its usual fidelity; she fell into the error, common with old people, of repeating the same anecdote to the same person; her health was more broken, and she was seldom free from some attack of disease; her smell and taste had long since deserted her, and her hearing was considerably impaired. But in the midst of this decay of nature, she continued to ripen for her great and last change. Religion was the subject of her constant meditation, and the theme on which she most delighted to converse. Her schools and her charities, also, had a share in her attention to the latest period of her life. It is a singular trait in her character, a trait which could only have been produced by her Christian faith, that her benevolence increased with her years, and became more and more expansive as she drew near the close of life. The diminution of her income, arising from the prodigality of her household, might well have formed a plea for the diminution of her charities; but with an eye fixed on the "recompense of reward," she took such a course as insured their continuance, though at the expense of many of those little

pleasures which custom had rendered somewhat necessary, and which, at her age, could not be given up without a painful conflict.

In the autumn of 1832 her mind received a farther shock from the death of Miss Roberts, an esteemed and intimate friend, to whom she was much attached. But aside from all causes of this nature, it was evident that she was now rapidly declining. She took cold apparently without exposure, her strength diminished, her mind was occasionally a little bewildered, and a slight fever continued to waste away her emaciated frame. In this declining state she continued for about ten months, without complaint or murmur, quietly awaiting her release from a world in which she would now have no enjoyment, save in the anticipations of that to which she was rapidly hastening. Here all her desire was centred, not, indeed, an impatient desire, but a longing after that incorruptible and glorious inheritance which she firmly believed awaited her.

As she approached the termination of her career, her thoughts dwelt more and more on visions of eternity, and notwithstanding her occasional wanderings she was always coherent and consistent on whatever related to spiritual things. Prayer was the delight and life of her soul. Ejaculations from the Psalms and other portions of Scripture were almost continually upon her lips, and her memory, though much impaired in all matters relating to passing events, served her with its accustomed faithful-

ness in these quotations. To those who surrounded her, she was wont to say, "Grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ." When very sick, she said, "What can I not do with Christ? I know that my Redeemer liveth. Happy, happy are those who are expecting to be together in another world. The thought of that world lifts the mind above itself. O the love of Christ, the love of Christ!" She talked much of the mercies which had been so bountifully dealt out to her through a long life. To a friend at parting she said, "I hope we shall meet in glory." In this frame of mind, breathing devout prayers, and looking earnestly for her deliverance, she continued to the last. In September, 1833, her appetite, which had hitherto been sufficient for her condition, suddenly failed, and a total rejection of nourishment led unavoidably to the termination of her lengthened struggle. For the last week she scarcely seemed to recognise any of those around her. The closing scene is thus related by her attendant:—

"On the morning of Friday, the 6th of September, 1833, we offered up our accustomed prayers by her bedside. She was silent, and apparently attentive. All the time her hands were devoutly lifted up. Throughout the day she underwent but little change. I sat watching her in the evening from eight till nearly nine. Her face was smooth and glowing; there was an unusual brightness in its expression. She smiled, and, endeavouring to raise

herself from her pillow, reached out her arms, as if catching at something. While making this effort, she called out very plainly, 'Patty,' the name of her last beloved sister, exclaiming at the same time, 'Joy!' She then sank into the same quiet and tranquil state as before She remained thus for about an hour, when Dr. Carrick came. At ten the symptoms of speedy departure could not be doubted; her pulse became fainter and fainter; at twelve it became almost extinct. She looked then very serene, and there was nothing but the gentle breathing of infant sleep. She survived the night, and continued till a few minutes after one, when I saw the last gentle breath escape, and one more was added to that 'multitude which no man can number, who sing the praises of God and the Lamb for ever.'"

Thus died Hannah More, September 7, 1833, in the eighty-ninth year of her age. Her life had been long, and, in many respects, singularly happy. No person was ever blessed with more kind or faithful friends, or, in a situation so responsible, ever had to contend with fewer enemies. Her life was one of great activity and usefulness, and was spent in the service of her fellow-creatures and her God. Her death was that of calm confidence, of firm reliance upon the Saviour for salvation. She may justly be said to have been an ornament to her sex and to the world. With but few faults, she had many great and ennobling virtues, and she has left the impress of her fine mind upon

the age in which she lived, and her influence will probably be felt down to the very end of time.

CHAPTER XX.

Funeral—Tablet to her memory—Peculiar notions—Person and manners—Benevolence—Sums bequeathed by will—Description of Barley Wood.

On the 13th of September the remains of this excellent woman were deposited by the side of her sisters, near Wrington church, and, in accordance with her desire, the funeral was plain and unostentatious. As the procession passed through Bristol the bells were tolled, and, about a mile from Wrington, it was joined by most of the gentlemen in the neighbourhood: nay, for a considerable distance from the church the road on either hand was crowded with villagers, bearing badges of mourning, and eager to catch a last glimpse of all that remained of their departed benefactress. At the entrance of the village the solemn procession was headed by a large number of clergymen in their episcopal robes, and was joined by more than two hundred children from her schools. The scene was most affecting, especially in the church, which was of course greatly crowded. Among the number present were fifteen old men, who had been provided with mourning at her particular desire.

In the new church of St. Philip, Bristol, a monumental tablet has been erected to her memory, by voluntary subscription, bearing upon it the following inscription :—

SACRED
TO THE MEMORY OF
HANNAH MORE.
She was born in the parish of Stapleton, near Bristol,
A. D. 1745,
and died at Clifton, September 7th, A. D. 1833.
Endowed with great intellectual powers,
and early distinguished by the success
of her literary labours,
she entered the world under circumstances
tending to fix her affections on its vanities;
but, instructed in the school of Christ
to form a just estimate of the real end of human
existence,
she chose the better part,
and consecrated her time and talents
to the glory of God and the good of her fellow-creatures,
in a life of practical piety and diffusive beneficence.
Her numerous writings in support of religion and order,
at a crisis when both were rudely assailed,
were equally edifying to readers of all classes;
at once delighting the wise,
and instructing the ignorant and simple.
In the eighty-ninth year of her age,
beloved by her friends, and venerated by the public,
she closed her career of usefulness,
in humble reliance on the mercies of God,
through faith in the merits of her Redeemer.
Her mortal remains are deposited in a vault in this
church-yard,
which also contains those of her four sisters,
who resided with her at
Barley Wood, in this parish, her favourite abode, and

who actively co-operated in her unwearied acts of
Christian benevolence:
Mary More died 18th April, 1813, aged 75 years.
Elizabeth More died 14th June, 1816, aged 76 years.
Sarah More died 17th May, 1817, aged 74 years.
Martha More died 14th September, 1819, aged 69 years.

This monument is erected out of a subscription
for a public memorial to Hannah More,
of which
the greater proportion is devoted to the erection of a
school, in the
populous and destitute out-parish of St. Philip and Jacob,
Bristol,
to the better endowment of whose district church
she bequeathed the residue of her property.

In bringing our narrative to a close we may remark that Miss More's notions were imbibed in the English school. With all her love of the poor, and none ever loved them more, she had never the remotest wish to raise them, as the phrase is, above their condition. All her efforts were bent on *bettering* their condition, but not on *changing* it. She had the most scrupulous regard for the *castes* of society in which she had been bred, and none of the enlarged ideas of liberty and equality which are so peculiarly the blessing of our own free country. In short, she was, in the strictest sense of the word, an English woman, and her notions of benevolence and kindness were all formed in the school of aristocracy—a circumstance of which it may be proper to remind the American reader, though, with her peculiar education, and under the circumstances in which she lived, it should detract nothing from her worth.

In person Miss More was about the middle size, and her figure rather slender. Her appearance was always interesting, and in conversation she was often in the highest degree animated. Her dress was rather plain, but remarkable for neatness and simplicity. She wore no jewels, and avoided both expense and singularity in the choice of her wardrobe. Her manners were without ostentation, simple and kind. She was accessible to all, and had the singular art of saying much without seeming to engross more than her share of the conversation. Her great wit was entirely subordinate to her good nature, and her piety controlled all the passions and tempers of her mind.

But, after all, the greatness of Miss More, and the veneration of posterity for her character, rest on her Christian philanthropy. Every effort for the benefit of mankind was sure to be seconded by her, and every institution calculated to advance Christian morals or diffuse Christian light, to secure her warm support; while, at the same time, she neglected not to sympathize with individual cases of distress, and to extend a hand to their relief. The sums which she had expended from her own income, and which, through her great influence, she had obtained from others to be appropriated to the same benevolent objects, were immense: and the single fact that her household establishment was reduced, at an advanced period of her life, for the purpose of enlarging her charities, should never be overlooked in making an esti-

mate of her character. But notwithstanding these munificent gifts, her philanthropy ceased not with her life. Besides leaving to each of her old pensioners, at Wrington, £1 each, and bestowing a considerable sum on the new church of St. Philip, at Bristol, she bequeathed, by will, the following princely sums to the benevolent purposes named :—

To the	Bristol Infirmary	£1,000 0 0
"	Anti-Slavery Society	500 0 0
"	London Pious Clergy	500 0 0
"	London Clerical Education Society	100 0 0
"	Moravian Missionary Society	200 0 0
"	Welsh College	400 0 0
"	Bristol Clerical Education Society	100 0 0
"	Hibernian Society	200 0 0
"	Reformation Society	200 0 0
"	Religious Tract Society	150 0 0
"	Irish Scripture Reading Society	150 0 0
"	Burmese Mission	200 0 0
"	Society for the Conversion of the Jews	200 0 0
"	Society for printing the Scriptures at Serampore	100 0 0
"	Baptist Missionary Society	100 0 0
"	London Seamen's Bible Society	100 0 0
"	Liverpool Seamen's Bible Society	100 0 0
"	London Missionary Society	100 0 0
"	Society for printing the Hebrew Scriptures	100 0 0
"	British and Foreign Bible Society	1,000 0 0
"	Church Missionary Society	1,000 0 0
"	Society for Educating Clergymen's Daughters	200 0 0
"	Diocess of Ohio	200 0 0
"	Trustees of the New Church at Mangotsfield	150 0 0
"	Bristol Strangers' Friend Society	100 0 0

To the Bristol Society for the Relief of Small Debtors	£100	0 0
" Bristol Penitentiary	100	0 0
" Bristol Orphan Society	100	0 0
" Bristol Philosophical Institution ..	100	0 0
" London Strangers' Friend Society	100	0 0
" Commissioners of Foreign Missions in America, toward the school at Ceylon, called "Barley Wood,"	100	0 0
" Newfoundland School Society ...	100	0 0
" Society for the Distressed Vaudois	100	0 0
" Clifton Dispensary	100	0 0
" Bristol District for Visiting the Poor	100	0 0
" Irish Society	100	0 0
" Sailors' Home Society	100	0 0
" Christian Knowledge Society	50	0 0
" Bristol Misericordia Society	50	0 0
" Bristol Samaritan Society	30	0 0
" Bristol Temple Infant School	50	0 0
" Prayer-Book and Homily Society	50	0 0
" London Lock Hospital	50	0 0
" London Refuge for the Destitute	50	0 0
" Gaelic School	50	0 0
" Society for Female Schools in India	50	0 0
" Keynsham School	50	0 0
" Cheddar School	50	0 0
" For books for Ohio	50	0 0
" Bristol and Clifton Female Anti-Slavery Society	50	0 0
" Clifton Lying-in Charity	50	0 0
" Clifton Infant School	50	0 0
" Clifton National School	50	0 0
" Clifton Female Hibernian Society	50	0 0
" Temple Poor	50	0 0
" For Pews in the Temple Church	50	0 0
" Bristol Harmonica	20	0 0
" Edinburgh Sabbath Schools	20	0 0
" Shipham Female Club	50	0 0
" Cheddar Female Club	20	0 9
" Poor Printers' Fund	20	0 0

To the Shipham Poor	£50	0 0
" Minister of Wrington, for distribution among the Poor	20	0 0
" Minister of Cheddar, for distribution among the Poor	20	0 0
" Minister of Nailsea, for the Poor	5	0 0
" The Kildare School Society, Dublin	300	0 0
	£9,675	0 0

A short time before this excellent woman quitted her residence at Barley Wood, Dr. Sprague, of Albany, in a visit to England, had the good fortune to have an interview with her, at her delightful retreat, which he has made the subject of an interesting article in the Christian Keepsake, for 1838. He had just before seen her friend Mr. Wilberforce, and had brought from him a letter of introduction. We cannot better conclude this brief memoir than by quoting a portion of this article :—

" Within a few days after this delightful visit at Highwood Hill, [Mr. Wilberforce's,] I was passing a short time at Bristol, and availed myself of the opportunity of riding out to Barley Wood, distant I think about nine miles, the far-famed residence of Hannah More. The morning was fine, the country exceedingly beautiful, my company altogether agreeable, and every thing adapted to prepare me for a luxurious, intellectual, and social repast.

" When we had travelled nearly our distance, we turned off from the main road, and almost immediately saw Miss More's dwelling before

us. It was a beautiful thatched cottage, situated on rising ground, with a fine garden in the rear, and every thing about it to indicate the most exquisite taste, and the most minute and patient labour. As I entered the room where she was sitting, she rose and met me with an air of great cordiality; and, like her illustrious friend whom I had seen the week before, instantly put me as much at my ease as if I had known her during my whole life.

"My introductory note from Mr. Wilberforce led her immediately to inquire for him, and then she dwelt for some time with the deepest interest on his exalted character, especially as a Christian; on the pertinence, and fervour, and pathos of his prayers in her family; and on the value of his friendship, which, she said, she had known during much the greater part of her life.

"She alluded, in a very touching manner, to the fact that she was standing almost alone in the midst of a new generation; that nearly all her early, and many of her later friends, had gone before her to their long home; and while she mentioned the names of many of them with deep emotion, she seemed to dwell with especial delight upon the memory of Bishop Porteus: indeed she had testified her veneration for him by erecting a monument to his memory in her garden, which she requested me particularly to observe as I passed over her grounds.

"Of the Princess Charlotte she spoke in no measured terms of commendation. She re-

garded her quite as a model in the station she occupied, and expressed a strong hope that she died a true Christian. She remarked, as a peculiarity in her experience, that she had never been able to quote from her own writings; that she could not even distinguish her own style on hearing it read; and that one of her young friends had sometimes amused herself by reading to her extracts from her own works, and getting her opinion of them, while she supposed she was passing judgment upon another author.

"In presenting to me her work on 'The Spirit of Prayer,' she expressed the deepest sense of the importance of the subject, and remarked that the work was chiefly a compilation from her other works, and made at a time when she supposed herself on the threshold of eternity, and that its circulation had altogether exceeded her highest expectations. She dwelt with great interest on the happy state of our country, and especially on its religious privileges and prospects; though I thought she discovered some lack of confidence in the durability of our institutions.

"She made many kind inquiries in respect to different individuals whom she had known either personally or by correspondence, in this country, and particularly concerning her 'little deaf and dumb friend,' (Miss Alice Cogswell, of Hartford, whose lamented death has occurred since that time,) who, she said, had written her the wittiest letters she ever received. She showed me the beautiful and variegated prospect

which she had from her different windows, and then sent a servant to conduct me over her grounds, requesting me to notice particular objects, which, by reason of their associations, were specially interesting to her.

"There is one portrait of her, I believe the last that was taken, that brings her before me nearly as she was at the time I saw her. Her person was marked by the most beautiful symmetry; her countenance beamed with animation and benevolence; and her manners united the dignity of the court with the simplicity of childhood. When I left her she gave me a most gratifying assurance of her friendly regard, and subsequently honored me with several invaluable communications."

After some other observations on the character and conduct of Miss More and Mr. Wilberforce, the doctor proceeds:—"How inconceivably glorious must be the heavenly world! It was a privilege to come in contact with such exalted minds on earth; but how much greater the privilege to mingle with them, now that the last vestige of imperfection is removed, and they operate with an unwearied and immortal energy! And there are minds there greater and nobler than even these: there are higher orders of being there who yet count it no condescension to become the associates of ransomed men. And can I hope, then, ever to be joined to the glorified society of the world above! to be united to the great and good who were natives of this earth, and the greater and

the holier who are natives of heaven, in celebrating the praise and doing the will of the All-merciful and the All-glorious! May I aspire even to wear an immortal wreath, and occupy a heavenly throne, both purchased by redeeming blood! Then let me live and labour for heaven! Let earthly objects fade from my view, and heavenly objects brighten on my vision! Let me be anything, let me suffer anything, let me even die a martyr's death—only let my spirit at last be a glorified spirit, and my associates for eternity the ransomed of the Lord!"

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